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A M Goodhart.

(Aug. 25th 1938.)

Eton College.

(43. Bauling Road) Discovered at Oxford after
(14 or 15)

I had gone there unexpectedly many years. I had forgotten about it.
There is also a book of Worthless but it is probably a valuable book - eleven such
given me by H.G.W. (my tutor for
one half)
many copies exist. The themes
are wonderfully ingenious. I remember
some of the poems being written including
quantum distat at Godeling by H.B.
(of Ed. by H.G.W. 1936)
my tutor - vide end -

Which I did not want to take away.

A LAY OF NORWICH
SHAVINGS FROM THE SHELF
ASCHAMICA





A LAY OF NORWICH
SHAVINGS FROM THE SHELF
ASCHAMICA

BY

ARTHUR C. JAMES

"Quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
Vita senis."

HOR. *Sat.* II. I. 32.

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PREFACE.

THIS modest volume is affectionately dedicated to the members of my House Dinner Club, which annually meets on the eve of the Eton and Harrow Match. They may enjoy "ripping" their Tutor's Verses!

The inception of this Club was originally due, I believe, to two "Old Boys," the Rev. G. B. Vessey, Vicar of Lenton, and R. B. Aldridge, the latter of whom, alas! is no longer among us. But its success is mainly due to our excellent Secretary, Lieut.-Col. S. R. Fothergill, who arranges all.

This genial "Old Boy," whom we all this year congratulate on his well-merited promotion, will welcome any accessions; and it may be well to mention, since our numbers naturally tend to decrease, that Collegers and other out-door Pupils are cordially received at our "noctes cenaeeque deum."

This volume is bound so as to match with "Songs of Sixpenny," which came out in 1899 on my retirement from Eton. There are, naturally, plenty of personal allusions, especially in "Aschamica." But I trust that none may be thought offensive, as certainly none were meant unkindly. "Aschamica" have been appended as an after-thought, lapse of time appearing to me to excuse this little raising of the curtain of magisterial reserve.

ARTHUR C. JAMES.

ROUNDHAM HEAD,
PAIGNTON,
S. DEVON.

July 6, 1911.

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A LAY OF NORWICH.

A PSEUDO-INGOLDSBY LEGEND.

WELL now, Miss Daisy, you have shown me plenty to
enjoy and ponder,
And all within one short week-ending, food for unexhausted
wonder :

You've introduced me to your cloisters, chancel, nave and
spires of Norwich,

And satisfied my eager mind with ample pabulum and forage.

I've loved your services and choir boys, and I've heard the dear
Archdeacon

Enounce in silvery tones the truths which none more aptly
speak on.

I've seen your sister's sketches and I've interviewed the Dean,

And ne'er was pilgrim treated to more toothsome fare, I ween.

I've also seen your local sights, and I own my chief quandary's

Whether to think your nightingales sing best, or your canaries.

But ere the taxi-cab comes round, to take me to the station,

I'd like to have five minutes of your private conversation.

Last night, 'twas in my bedroom (I had leave from Mrs. Prior),

I opened Louis Stevenson, and sat to smoke my briar,

When suddenly—'twas midnight, when young ladies are in bed,

Unless for hair-brushing debates they're sitting up instead—

The chimes of the cathedral clock had scarcely died away,
 When suddenly—I heard a knock. “Come in,” I said, distrait.
 It was repeated. “Wherefore mock? Come in,” I cried.
 “Entrez.”

It came again. I felt a shock. I was quite accablé.
 I opened. There was no one there! I sat and smoked till day :
 I could not, somehow, go to bed. Now what was this, I pray?
 This morning I felt somewhat cheap. I hoped to be more gay
 By dint of a good strenuous bath. Going in in light array,
 I found your little terrier in the bathroom corner lay,
 A-whimpering, and what a Gaul would term “effarouché.”

No, it was *not* the whisky!—

See! now he’s blithe and frisky ;

But some uncanny sight he’d seen, if he could only say.

Who knocks at midnight hours,

And with strange and secret powers

Of our cerebral arrangements disconcerts the matter grey?

Oh! Mr. James, I’m grieved that you’ve been inconvenienced
 thus,

He does not often come to guests, we find, and as for us,

We’ve grown accustomed to these things. But now you’ll have
 to go,

For here’s your taxi-cab come round. The tale is long, I trow.

The saints forbend that you should miss the eleven twenty-nine ;

And that’s about the only train that’s punctual on the line.

Next time you come to stay with us you shall have calmer rest,

We’ll put you in another room, and that shall be the best.

So for the present time, farewell! we speed the parting guest.

Miss Daisy, there's another train at twelve and thirty-eight,
 And foul befall the taxi-cab that can't endure to wait.
 That engine draws a luncheon car. Then tell me now forthright
 What causes these mysterious sounds and gives poor terriers fright.

THE TALE.

'Twas in the Fifth King Henry's reign, when he made war in
 France,
 And all the English chivalry, with hauberk, helm and lance ;
 There were no nice Archdeacons then, but even then were Priors,
 And black-robed Benedictines—men who quarrelled with the
 Friars.

They copied "Gesta Martyrum" and bound them up in vellum,
 And reproduced old manuscripts, but took no care to sell 'em.
 And all along those cloisters dim, where Aves rang and Paters,
 Each arch contained a desk and paints for Arch-illuminators.

Beyond the monastery wall, where now that gate you see,
 There dwelt Sir Thomas Erpingham, a knight of high degree.
 He held the old manorial rights all over this countree ;
 Like all his class, he went to Mass, but a hasty man was he.

Now down by the Hall, just over the wall,
 Dividing his land from the cloister and all,
 Sir Thomas's favourite orchard lay.

He would prune every shoot
 And manure every root,
 And water to boot,
 For nothing he cared about more than his fruit.
 And if any young brute
 Dared enter his "gut,"
 The position at once became very acute,
 And would usually lead to a painful "émeute."

Now one Brother John he loved apples and pears,
 Not to speak of Sir Thomas's pheasants and hares,
 Which somehow would get themselves caught by his snares.
 And one day after Prayers
 And such pressing affairs,
 He got over the wall, where it wanted repairs,
 And let himself drop
 From the cornice on top,
 And down he came, flop!
 Beside the ripe crop,
 But without any stop
 He arose with a hop,
 And was filling his pockets, he thought, unawares.

And he felt how 'twas rippin'
 To cull the ripe pippin;
 But Sir Thomas was just at that time on the prowl,
 And he happened to nip in,
 Behind the monk slippin',
 And he caught Brother John by the scruff of the cowl.

And he called each retainer and varlet and minion
 To beat him within a short inch of his life ;
 But that very short inch, I would wager a guinea, un-
 Doubtably caused all the future strife.
 Their obedience admits of no adverse opinion,
 For they laid the man dead without drawing a knife,
 And that so the example the monks might appal,
 He told them to heave him back over the wall !

Now, among the Jews, to prevent the abuse
 Of a temperate flogging, through hasty misuse,
 Forty stripes were allowed, and no more found excuse ;
 And to keep well within the Mosaical line,
 The Sanhedrin fixed them at thirty and nine.
 The Apostle, who thrice received " quantum suff.,"
 Must have found that three dozen and three were enough.
 The monk had been trespassing, there's no doubt :
 'Twas the stick he deserved, but not the knout.

So up to the evening of that long day,
 Brother John's body undiscovered lay.
 Now it happened that Bernard the Monk stole out
 (It was Friday eve) for a festive bout.
 There was turkey and pheasant and game in store,
 And plentiful " pâtés de Périgord,"
 And " de foie gras " also, and plenty more.
 And the guests have unluckily slipped from my brain,
 But one was a very long Count of Champagne.
 And when a good Churchman exceeds in gaiety,
 We find that it's always the fault of the laity.

So the holy monk who went out to dinner
 Reeled back as drunk as a lord or a sinner,
 And in passing the spot, being somewhat "on,"
 Fell over the body of Brother John.

He stared, as he rose, at the upturned face
 Of his well-known friend, but he found no grace.
 "Alas!" he cried, "I have slain Brother John!
 Alack! Miserere! I'm all undone.
 This comes of transgressing the Church's Rule!
 Aroint that Friday's dinner! Fool!"
 And in this condition of sad contrition,
 His object being to avoid suspicion,
 He hoisted the body right over again,
 And seeking his cell began weeping amain.

Next morn, by the action of influence subliminal,
 Which attracts to the scene of a murder the criminal,
 He slunk to the place where he'd heaved him over—
 And there he was, back! as from Calais to Dover
 The steamer is back, which last night was a rover.
 So he pitched him across once more. But he'd rattled o'er
 By the evening again, like a cock from a battledore;
 And far from enjoying this grim game of ball,
 Brother Bernard soon found it began to pall.

What words can paint the horrifying funk
 Which now possessed the conscience-stricken monk,
 Although most truly guiltless? Could no state
 Of rest be found from this unhallowed weight?

What penance strict, what saint's protectorate
 Would save him from the unutterable fate?
 Nought *could* avail to wash the blood, I ween,
 From off that hand! For why? That hand was clean!

But Bernard rushed to the stable; for there
 The palfreys and mules of the brotherhood were:
 And thinking to escape from this haunting corse,
 He tore open the door, and he saddled a horse,
 And fled "stomach to earth," that is "ventre à terre,"
 The graphic expression of Dumas Père.

Sir Thomas, too, had his stables withal
 Just semi-detached by a party-wall,
 And seeing the poor monk on the runaway tack,
 He too hastened in and selected a hack,
 And he hoisted and bound Brother John on its back,
 Where he sat, not possessing of riding the knack,
 Like a load of potatoes tied up in a sack.
 Then a cut in the rear set him soon on the track,
 And off like the wind he was gone in a crack.
 For a stable mate, and a possible brother,
 Would be sure to be keen to come up with the other!

But oh! the horror of that fearsome ride,
 As the dazed fugitive with maddened ear
 Caught the approaching hoof-tread! Now new fear
 Assailed him. Turning in his seat, he spied
 The ghost-white steed, nearer and still more near,
 Like some avenging fiend, in full career,
 Its gruesome burden swaying at each stride.

E'en so King Bucar from Valencia's walls
 Fled terror-stricken, when with trumpet-calls
 The gates flew open, and the Cid rode out,
 Redoubtable in death, his foes to rout,
 Armed by St. Peter. Lo ! his corpse upright,
 On that brave steed which Bavioca hight,
 Propped by a frame. Upraised in his dead hand
 His sword Tizona flamed, that fateful brand.
 Stark flowed his beard, his eyeballs fixed and glazed
 Scared the affrighted Paynims all amazed.
 So Brother Bernard flew, till this fell chase
 Was over, and the dead had won the race.

Then he drew bridle. He could bear no more,
 And, his dead comrade following as before,
 A silent witness, rode he to the gate
 And sought the Prior, and prayed to meet his fate.
 That night, lay brethren in the cloister wall
 Opened a narrow cell, and, stripped of all
 The emblems of his order, he was pent
 There in the masonry's terrific rent,
 To die a living death !

And since that awful time, at dead of night,
 His spirit passes out, hard by the site
 Of the ancient guest-chamber, now ruined quite :
 For of the scene of that interment now
 Enough remains, its former use to show :

And, gliding through the garden walk, descends
 By the stone staircase, where our terrace ends.
 That done, it enters by the postern-door,
 And traverses from thence our passage floor
 Right through the house, and by a different way
 Back to the garden. And we cannot say
 What the appearance is, no human eye
 Hath looked on it. But ever and anon
 It rattles at the latches, passing on,
 Scaring light sleepers in each silent room
 With steps which one may feel but never hear,
 For this mysterious wandering is his doom,
 Then from the garden to the cloister near,
 There to reoccupy his prison drear.

As for Sir Thomas Erpingham, he too,
 By pangs of conscience racked, his crime did rue,
 As cause of all the mischief. So he straightway,
 In late repentance, built that Gothic gateway,
 So that the monks might walk around his Hall
 By safer paths than o'er his orchard wall,
 And, further to atone, he took the Cross
 And sailed to Palestine, to no man's loss!

But look! you've missed that second train! Just so!
 You'll have to take a slow one. *Must* you go?
 Dear me! you won't get back till past eleven:
 For it's a long day's trip from here to Devon.

MORAL.

The moral of this lay is that which leaps at once to view,
Don't poach upon your neighbour's land. But if he poach on
you,
Don't let the penalty exceed the measure that is due ;
And if an accident occurs by evil luck's assault,
Don't be too ready to assume it must be all your fault.
Some folks would add, " Don't dine out on a Friday ! " But *I*
say,
What's wrong on Friday must be wrong for any other day.
Don't make your taxi-cab to wait, while listening to a tale :
Meanwhile your fare goes mounting up by automatic scale.

CENTENARY OF THE ETON SOCIETY.

SO Pop and Ante-Pop shall now combine
 And in the Great Memorial Hall shall dine !
 'Tis well : though one may grieve for one thing sinister—
 Would that we had an Ante-pop Prime Minister !
 The House of Lords may glut the melting-pot,
 The House of Commons sink to utter rot,
 Invincibles may fail to fire a gun,
 And buckle up in dock ere aught is done,
 Statesmen the Judges of our Bench impeach
 For partiality, in wayward speech,
 And non-Etonians ruin our Finance,
 God save the King ! we still have one off-chance.
 Though State be bartered for the Dollar-vote,
 Long live the King ! Eton is still afloat.
 There still is a Vice-President to fine ;
 Bills cannot alter that, and Pop shall dine.

L'ENVOI.

TO MY CLUB DINNER.

YET once more we meet in conclave, learners old and comrades
true,

Rallied to the old House Colours, round the orange and dark blue ;
Members of a scattered union, faces bronzed by India's rays,
Spared by rifles of the Boerland, goodliest crown of Eton's bays ;
Rectors fresh from country livings, legalists from Temple Halls,
Baronets who once were wealthy, mulcted by unlooked-for calls ;
Landowners no longer envied, bankers, threatened Peers, and
Squires,

Penalised by ruthless imposts, unimagined by their sires ;
Members staunch for King and Country, manful to uphold the right,
Haply these for duty absent, lobbying through the peaceless night,
Yearning to the pallid daystar : for they all, thank Heaven, stand
On the side of Constitution, Empire, and the Motherland.

Oh ! dear friends, for whom I lived and laboured in the days of yore,
With what tact soe'er was given me flavouring untasty lore,
If the fruit is worthy, which I deem as I look round on you,
Not to me but to dear Eton, under Heaven, be honour due.
Therefore take this little offering, dedicated by myself,
Chips of that old Block ye wot of, Shavings from Retirement's Shelf,
Or, as one may idly practise winning hazards out of baulk,
Holing some and missing others, through bad aim or lack of chalk—
Venture of my seventieth summer, issued in the twentieth year
Of this Dinner Club's Foundation, blending memory with good
cheer,

In this time of Coronation, and alas ! of much beside,
Which we'll pray the Great Averter in oblivion deep to hide.

July, 1911.

SHAVINGS FROM THE SHELF.

THIRD TRINITY AT MAFEKING.

WE lift our eyes up to the hills,
Our glasses scan the distant plains ;
Whence cometh help for human ills ?
Six moons have passed. The seventh wanes.

Our foe with ever-tightening lines
Holds us enmeshed : but will not dare
To brave the assault. By various signs,
He fears the lion in his lair.

Grown restless, too, from all we hear.
Hurries his guns from point to point :
Can it be Plumer in his rear ?
Or seeks he still the unguarded joint ?

Scarcely : for he has found the range
Of our Geneva Cross hung high ;
And well he knows that little grange
Wherein our women huddled lie.

Fires there, and shames the unwilling sun
 To act as marker to his aim.
 "That was too short." "That leftward spun."
 "That through the children's shelter came."

A deed to sicken Satan's self!
 For Snyman only not too base!
 And yet they say we war for pelf,
 To crush a simple noble race!

We war for justice, progress, light,
 For laws humane, and high prestige;
 Thank God, *our* terms of wrong and right
 Need not be garbled through this siege!

They stripped poor flying women bare,
 Then flogged them back to us half dead;
 Their bullets just content to spare,
 Because the living would be fed.

And these are Europe's heroes! these,
 Whom French and cultured Germans back
 To rule these races overseas,
 And oust the glorious Union Jack!

Ask those who know them. Ask the poor—
 The Gospeller of this dark land,
 Or ask the alien at their door,
 Who made the wealth whereby they stand.

*He'll tell you how they hold with Saul
 And David, not with David's Son ;
 How they oppress the native thrall,
 Thumbers of Joshua, not of John.*

*They think to bowl us with their Krupps,
 They try to york us with their lobs :
 But we shall keep our wicket up,
 And strike for God, and Queen, and Bobs.*

*Our horse polonies still hold out,
 Though Snyman's potted our fresh beef ;
 Our limbs are thin, but hearts are stout,
 And the Queen's Birthday brings relief.*

*That day, our Countrymen shall mark
 The flag that we have flown so long :
 So loose the Dove from out the Ark,
 Fraught with the motto " going strong."*

*Tighten the waistband one more hole,
 Reserve your fire to tempt their rage,
 And give three cheers for Baden Pow'll,
 Whose name shall honour Glory's page.*

*Then, with our Leader to the fore,
 We'll drink " the Queen "—in something—soon,
 And send a telegram to Warre
 At Eton on the Fourth of June.*

This was written some little time before the relief took place.

PROLOGUE.

Prologue to the "Amphibian," an Eton publication by certain members of Division III., who asked me to write it. It occurs in "Songs of Sixpenny," but is included in this collection because I wrote something for it when it was revived later.

OUR page shall evidence our high intent.
 We want to make a bold experiment
 And "evolute" a kind of improved Man,
 Which shall be known as the "Amphibian."
 Why not? What boots it, all exempt from law,
 To galvanize the throbbing frog's hind paw,¹
 Unwhipt of justice, in Division III.,
 And bidding Repetition go and be——,
 Unless we can develope some new breed,
 And go one better on old Darwin's lead?

There was a time, 'twas Pliocene, they say,
 When Earth was damper e'en than this year's May.
 O'er boundless wastes roamed many a wondrous brute—
 Yes, *waste* indeed, with no one there to shoot!
 The muscular developement was great:
 Each kind was struggling to some higher state.
 Each beast did what he could, lived, fought and wived,
 And yet, 'tis strange, only the few survived.

¹ Certain students of Physiology were excused three o'clock school Saying Lesson in the First Hundred.

They tried all elements, earth, water, air,
 But Education seems to have been rare :
 Though Pterodactyls marked upon the sand
 Prints of strange feet, by Britons to be scanned.
 Greeks were not yet : therefore no tug of war
 'Twixt Dinotherium and Plesiosaur.

Not that we would restore Triassic Man ;
 That were reaction : we would lead the van.
 But lest our powers should grow too cribbed, confined,
 We advocate a more Amphibian mind.
 For are we not too highly specialised ?
 Each one exactly does what's advertised,
 " Take Carter's Liver Pills—but be precise :
 Be sure they're Carter's, and say ' Carter's ' thrice ! "
 'Tis thus the Amalgamated Smiths reprove
 The man who dares to work out of his groove.
 You'd think some fierce Trades Union pulled the wires,
 Stinting our output, damping down our fires,
 Refusing all amendments to permit,
 Still making joiners join and fitters fit.
 For us the fault exists, though not the cause.
We have not got to work by Labour-laws !

Jones minor, Crichton of his private school,
 Takes to the river or the bat by rule.
 No sooner has he passed, the aspiring oar
 Abjures the cricket field he loved of yore,
 And now had rather sap all after-six
 Than take a spell of bowling at the sticks,
 Although the fresh departure made this year
 In Junior Matches may do some good here.
 Nor think Aquatics only are to blame,
 With th' other interest 'tis just the same.

See how the aspirant for "his Sixpenny"
 Turns hydrophobe, lest bathing spoil his eye!
 Climbs up the School among strange hierophants,
 Heading his Tutor's column of Non Nants.
 And yet, at Lord's, if sound of wind and limb,
 He'd not bat worse through having learnt to swim,
 And no success in any athletic strife
 Makes up for a lost chance of saving life.

We need not quite believe all that they say
 About old worthies of primeval day,
 When you might walk from Newcastle to Devon
 To find a man who'd *not* been in the Eleven :
 And each of the Eleven was in the Eight !
 Yet there are some, not toothless at this date,
 Who reached the foremost place by flood and land,
 And thumbed their books with conscientious hand.
 Nothing need harm a sound boy in his teens,
 Save apathy. Learn that from the Marines !
 That glorious body, fit for anything,
 To rescue Britons or depose a king,
 Though few their medals, and though short their pay—
 Think ! who are so Amphibian as they ?
 Who loves a cricket match like brave old Jack,
 Slewing off-balls round on the larboard tack ?
 Long may he chase the ball at Wei-hai-Wei,
 While Henry's mailed fist applauds admiringly !
 Nor less delights, in summer after-four,
 To view the Guardsman ply the unskilful oar :
 When " independent firing " from the bow
 Commences, heedless of the coxswain's " Now ! "
 Like a machine they'll march the breach to storm,
 But in a boat—they drop the *Uniform* !

Well, Old Etonians harp on an old tune,
 Especially upon the Fourth of June :
 For in no school's "laudator temporis
 Acti se puero" stronger than in this.
 "What, can this *really* be?" cried one of late—
 "In *my* days Pop existed for debate!
 Why, this must make our statesmen of renown
 Turn in their Abbey, and their marble frown!"
 We must confess there's something in such jeers :
 Pop's a survival, like Man's folded ears,
 Still, we have many now, where there was one :
 And Mind's put in commission, 'tis not gone.
 All things are prone to change, they rise and fall :
 Nothing stands still, and Eton least of all.
 So most men, as they look around, can see
 Shoots that are bettering the parent tree,
 Something lopped off which did no good, or worse ;
 More grafted in, to which they're not averse.
 So still their sons they send, to work, or sock,
 Chips of—and sometimes to—the same old Block,
 Right glad to see them, tried by any test,
 Not better than their fathers, but more blest.
 Thus, by "Amphibian," pray don't understand
 "What dies in water and can't live on land."
 'Tis given to a few in one thing to excel,
 But most can manage many fairly well.
 This helps one at a pinch to help a friend,
 And gives most satisfaction in the end.

Written for the scrapbook of Miss Matzke at her comfortable Jodelhütte, Bex, where she had organised an "Air cure," and where I was staying when Peace was proclaimed in 1902. All were expected to do some work on the place.

HERE Nature's loveliness our worship wakes,
 Here genial kindness willing captives makes.
 Beauty with grace each homely task pursues,
 Grace only heightened by the worker's blouse.

What apter spot might be, for us to hear
 The blest intelligence that Peace is near?—
 Peace yesterday proclaimed. Old Kruger *nil*,
 Briton and Boer conjoined in frank goodwill.

Therefore we shout o'er mountain, lake and sky,
 And teach the torrent a new melody.
 To this day's splendid news your hearts attune :
 Let us salute the "Glorious First of June!"

Therefore we mount the battered Union Jack,
 And bend 'neath logs each unaccustomed back ;
 Fling far the blaze o'er Rhone's astonished plain,
 And drink King Edward's health in Swiss champagne.

Friends, from our hostess learning how to breathe,
 Who sketch, and play, and sweep, and flowers enwreath,
 To the great Prince of Peace due honour give,
 Where glorious Nature teaches how to live.

June 1, 1902.

TO MARY.

With the "Green Fairy Book."

OF all the things that Father buys,
 This will not seem the worst ;
 For though 'tis but the Second Prize,
 For Mary 'tis the First.

May it be gold without alloy,
 And bear re-reading too,
 And may it prove as long a joy
 As "Sonny Delarue"¹ !

But I believe you'll love it best
 In caverns by the sea,
 Or shared by Gipsy and the rest,
 Vera, and Lalage.

Aug. 5, 1902.

¹ "Sonny Delarue" was the hero of stories vying with the "Thousand and One Nights," as told to Mary by Florence, and afterwards written in a very valuable book by Mary.

COLL. REGALE.

On a visit to King's Coll., Cambridge.

THE College called her sons of former years.
 I found my place within the walls of King's,
 Even in my own old rooms! Of graceful things
 So mindful were our hosts, through Time's arrears.

The men were just gone down. May Term had passed.
 Degrees conferred—or missed. I sat once more
 At evensong in Chapel, as of yore,
 And felt the influence of that Temple vast.

The long high heaven of pendent stone upborne,
 Those pillared windows, beauty's matchless crown :
 When one arose to read. The fresh white down
 Mantled his shoulders, newly won that morn.

He told, in tones impressive of the drift,
 From Ezra's volume, of the Jews' Return,
 The House rebuilt : and how young hearts did burn,
 While solemn praise free voices did uplift.

But older men, in retrospect austere,
 Clung to sad memories, and drowned the joy—
 Past splendours half remembered by the boy
 Of seventy summers back, in exile sere.

“Out on those Jews,” I thought, “what curs were they!
 They should have been suppressed, or kept in bed :
 Not left to mar that scene, and wag the head,
 Bleating their ill considered ‘lack-a-day!’

They had their God, their House, their Liturgy,
 Their yet unforfeit privilege of Race.
 If they missed glories from the Holy Place,
 They might have held their peace unblameably.

Old Kingsmen are not thus. We can feel pride
 In our grand history, but we live by Faith.
 We love the sacred Past, but scorn its wraith ;
 We cheer the enterprise we cannot guide.”

So mused I, snugly cushioned in my stall.
 But then arose the thought of friends most dear,
 Who once were with us, and would now be here,
 But for decay, and that which sunders all.

No, the world's richer for that plaint of woe ;
 Nor had we heard it, had it not been loud.
 And still among the happy shouting crowd,
 We elders grieve, although we keep it low.

June 17, 1902.

CHILLINGHAM CASTLE.

A Chapter of Accidents, or "The Lay of the Lost Luggage."

"COME, Lady Noble, with thy lord
 Pay steep Crag-side a visit.
 The Duke of Cambridge at our board
 Deigns the week's end to fizz it.

And well I ween, when erst he *came*,
 Bridge was far less his pleasure,
 Though 'tis a portion of his name,
 Than Music's sweeter measure.

Therefore must Mistress Liliās come
 And bring her voice and fingers ;
 He says her music is the plum
 Round which his memory lingers.

He knows her old-world songs are sweet,
 And wants her to be trilling 'em.
 So come, the Royal Duke to meet,
 Though there be guests at Chillingham.'

So Mistress Liliās needs must come
 Back from beyond the Cheviot,
 Being, so please you, far from home,
 And somewhere down by Teviot.

She came. But where her luggage went,
 Nor guard nor porter knew it.
 To search the Van they vainly sent :
 The Rear, quite blank they drew it.

Blank, too, her face at this rebuke ;
 You'll own 'twas not a kind one.
 How can one meet a Royal Duke
 With all one's " things " behind one ?

" When unadorned, adorned the most."
 But Milton's line distresses.
 Ladies will never see we toast
 Themselves, and not their dresses.

Themselves we love, themselves we prize,
 For them we fought in duels,
 Yet, all we know of Eve implies
 That she'd have loved some jewels !

There stayed at Chillingham that year
 An old chap in his sixties,
 Young Humphrey's grandsire. 'Tis quite clear,
 Though the expression mixed is.

He cried, " To Ilderton I'll ride,
 And telephone to Wooler,
 To ask ' How long must we abide ? '
 As White of Redvers Buller."

Up hill and down he rode his race ;
 His freewheel like a clock ran :
 And after him, to mend his pace,
 Rode Mistress Ethel Cochrane.

They met that luggage on a cart,
 The subject of this canto,
 And, painted white with curious art,
 L. N. on each portmanteau.

Quoth Mistress Ethel, " I'll wire on
 For cars to wait at Alnwick."
 " Hurrah!" he answered, " that's well done ;
 I'm back to stop the panic "

To bear good news he turned about,
 And ride with all despatch would,
 When, lo! the boxes, all turned out,
 The cart all smashed to matchwood.

And wallowing in a pool of blood,
 The horse, a sight most horrid ;
 And he who drove him, soiled with mud,
 Was sitting on his forehead.

He lent his aid to raise the steed,
 Then left him to his master,
 And hurried on with all due speed
 To announce this fresh disaster.

But running down a greasy hill,
 Thrown by the skidding tyre, he
 Fell forward with unlooked-for spill,
 And on his face lay miry.

Small Humphrey, riding to the scene,
 Saw him arise all muddy!
 "Oh! Grandpapa, your coat's not clean!
 And oh! your hands are bloody!"

To cut it short: he got safe home,
 And told them, as he'd meant to,
 The luggage all was on the road,
 But would not come till sent to.

So off they went to where it lay,
 And took it on their carriage,
 And to Cragside they took their way,
 As blithe as bells for marriage.

But why had Florence brushed her hair
 Down o'er her brow, all rippling?
 Oh! that's another story! There!
 I'm quoting Rudyard Kipling.

She'd tumbled down twelve feet of hay
 While playing with her nieces,
 And, since beneath a cutter lay,
 Might have been chopped to pieces.

BANK HOLIDAY.

A NOTE one summer's morn to hand
 Came from our yachting neighbour,
 What time St. Lubbock gives his band
 Due holiday from labour.

" The idle always need a spree,
 Paignton's as hot as Cadiz !
 Come in my yacht and try the sea,
 With two of your young ladies."

And now the harbour bar was cleared,
 And soon we'd doubled Berry ;
 The wind was fresh, the gulls careered,
 Our hearts were light and merry.

Helen and Doris were on board
 (Cousin of " Billy Zulu "),
 But history doth not record
 The " Queen of Honolulu."

We ran for Dartmouth. See us now
 In Warfleet snugly harboured.
 We dropped the anchor from the bow,
 Leaving Kingswear to starboard.

Oh ! what a lovely lunch we had !
 And lovely was the scenery,
 Each rock in glorious leafage clad,
 Embosomed in its greenery.

At ease we landed, sauntered, shopped,
 And studied each gay tripper ;
 Then to return, on board we hopped,
 Obedient to our skipper.

O reader, have you ever tried
 To get out past St. Petrox,
 Against a fairly strong spring-tide,
 While idly back your sheet rocks ?

We tried each tack, we tried to wear,
 Then up we tried to luff her ;
 The very gulls appeared to stare,
 And scream aloft, " You duffer ! "

Of triangles we formed fresh views,
 Of Euclid we learnt new sides ;
 At each tack our hypotenuse
 Showed greater than the two sides.

That fern-grown cave still faced us square,
 Which we had left abaft her,
 We almost saw the maidenhair
 Shake with the mermaid's laughter !

A big Dutch steamer passed to moor ;
 How for a rope we hankered
 Alas ! the skipper was pro-Boer :
 He shook his head and anchored.

Two hours and half we rowed and toiled,
 At last we got to seaward.
 Then dropt the wind ! Behold us foiled !
 The clock by this time tea-ward.

Then passed " King Edward " on our beam,
 We hailed her for a tow-line ;
 Alas ! 'twas but an idle dream,
 He would not toss a bowline.

Then we stood back, and put about,
 By rail to start for Paignton ;
 But now the tide was ebbing out,
 No chance, not even a faint one !

The young ones would have gladly dined
 And slept on the Atlantic,
 But to the father's calmer mind
 This did not seem romantic.

So in the dark we rowed ashore
 (I thought for pluck they'd lick some),
 And o'er the cliffs, five miles or more,
 Groped out the path to Brixham,

Where a belated fly we found,
 Got home before the morrow,
 And to our skipper's spouse ran round,
 To tell of joy and sorrow.

All night she paced the cliff to gaze,
 Like Hero for Leander,
 And every sail in morning's haze,
 With telescope she scanned her.

At last, just rounding Berry Head,
 She spied the well-known cutter ;
 And soon was hearing how he'd sped,
 Over hot rolls and butter :

How, when he'd almost made the bay,
 The breeze untimely shifted,
 And back to where at first we lay
 He with the tide had drifted :

How with the morning he awoke
 And found that wind befriended,
 Made sail, and thinks it all a joke,
 Now that the adventure's ended.

AT HOLKHAM.

LOST in the mazes of the "Strangers' Wing,"
 We wander turn on turn and ring on ring,
 Till we emerge upon the wondrous Hall,
 Fluted with shafts of alabaster tall.

Yet 'tis not these, nor rich apartments decked
 With all that Art can do or taste select,
 Nor yet wild Nature in these confines blest,
 Which most entrances the discerning guest.

But 'tis the mistress of these fair estates,
 Whose charm wins all and all irradiates,
 Her friendship growing through the lapse of years,
 The love that rules, the courtesy that cheers.

Nor less the stout old Earl, whose manful age
 Our interest, not our pity, may engage,
 Since to such love, though deaf and partly blind,
 He joins the blessing of a well-poised mind.

May our lives last so long as God sees fit,
 Our latter days e'en with our strength be knit,
 Pray we, while looking on that kindly face,
 "May we be granted to grow old with grace."

AT HOLKHAM.

For the Visitors' Book.

I LEAVE my room and tremblingly explore
 The Cretan labyrinth of the basement floor ;
 Here lies a crocodile before my feet,
 Here bulls and birds and bears and joints of meat,

The butler comes to say that dinner waits,
 I strive to get to Prayers with adverse fates.
 Kind Countess, give me but one ball of thread
 To track my way to lunch, or back to bed :

So will I hitch it to my chamber door,
 And not be late for Chapel any more ;
 And when I go I'll hug my silken chain,
 And lay it up until I come again :

Or else to New and Lingwood I will go,
 And have it wrought into a tasteful bow,
 And wear it round my collar till I die,
 Woven as a mystic Old Etonian tie.

1902.

D

SONNET.

To Sir Walter Parratt on his 60th birthday, after Queen Victoria's death.

THE shadow of great grief lies o'er the land ;
 But they who came the nearest, those who knew
 The heart, and heard the voice, and kissed the hand,
 At concert or at earnest interview,
 These mourn both Queen and Friend : the chosen few.
 Nor least among them, one whose duty wrought
 The ministration of sweet music—you,
 Whose artist soul inspiring skill has brought
 To keenest sympathies, must suffer through and through.

Yet, to salute your sexagenary,
 I, whom this month, as erst one little song,
 Albeit of grosser mould, through harmony
 Unites in age with you, can deem no wrong.
 Raise high old England's anthem, and be strong
 To celebrate our Edward's later fame ;
 Fling the mild sarcasm at the peccant throng,
 When trebles "scoop" or altos call for blame,
 They dare not watch your eye, yet love you all the same.

TO REV. C. WILSON, OF CHRISTCHURCH, PAIGNTON.

With a drawing of a plain window in his Church, coloured red and green with Ampelopsis, outside, among which birds were silhouetted roosting in the sunset light.

“Etenim passer invenit sibi domum.”

Ps. lxxxiv. 3.

NO curious work adorns the Fane,
 No harmonies intense,
 Resplendent in the storied pane,
 Half please, half shock the sense.

And yet a higher Power than Art
 Blends hues with Nature's shades,
 God occupies the vacant part,
 Surpasses, not upbraids.

Work on, brave Pastor, for thy King,
 Widen the narrow path ;
 Thy glory shines not with the spring
 But with the aftermath.

*Korahite, S. Andrews,
 October, 1900.*

TO LADY LILY GRIMSTON.

YOU ask me, fair young lady, for a verse ;
 Your praise I cannot to your face rehearse,
 But take this Epilogue, if not too free,
 And gum it in your "Songs of Sixpenny."

EPILOGUE

To "The Martian" in "Songs of Sixpenny."

Now tune thee, Clio, to a loftier strain.
 The years pile up the century. The reign
 Of our Seventh Edward turns an uncut page.
 New thoughts engross mankind, new cares engage.
 Mars in the ascendant bathes the South in red ;
 Soon Mars declining wanes, with Kruger fled.
 The star of Leo¹ sinks. We gain at Lord's
 The grandest victory that time records.
 While thus o'er earth these astral fortunes range,
 How should our Martian² be exempt from change ?
 See him, oblivious of his hard-won Blue,
 Lighten the oarage of the Christ Church crew ;
 The courtly friend of Bishop and of Dean—
 But grown a "passenger" who scales sixteen !

¹ Leo XIII.

² Lord Grimston, her brother.

If this was little, and by common fate
 We all grow old and fail to pull our weight—
 Yet who would dream he would inconstant prove
 To Mathematics and his early love?
 Scorning all base Binomial degrees,
 He pawns his Euclid, reads Thucydides,
 Electrocutes his Tutor with the news
 He seeks distinction through the Classic Muse.
 Purchases cribs on Aristotle's States—
 Cribs thumb-cut, dog's-eared, good for Oxford Greats.
 Looks up his Eton Prose by Ajax ripped,
 And drains the nectar just at Eton sipped.
 Talks of his "viva," dines, sometimes, in Hall,
 Dances with fair princesses at a ball.

He once miraculously held a catch,
 "And saved the fortunes of a desperate match,"
 Hence see him touring with the Zingari,
 "Authentic," member of the M.C.C.,
 And though 'tis whispered that he bribes the scorers,
 Ink almost fails to reckon up his fourers.
 Five duteous sisters straightway for him made
 Caps of strange colours, lined with silk and braid,
 Blazers for match or contrast dire combined—
 Contrast, so dear to the Oxonian mind.
 Sisera's mother for such work was yearning,
 "Wrought on both sides," poor soul, and fit for turning.

Such were the phases of the Undergrad,
 Summed in one short but sweet Olympiad,
 "Grim," "Grimmer," "Grimston," which the books all give;
 And I adopt the pure superlative.

Further I dare not cast his horoscope,
And yet the future may give room for hope.
Still, O my Martian, this last counsel take
From your old Mentor, for dear Eton's sake.
Cleave to your home, which you have made me love,
Cherish those ties vouchsafed you from above—
Ties not by New nor yet by Lingwood wove.
So, like your own Lord Bacon, full of fame,
May you "compleat all numbers" with your name,
And all the letters in the alphabet,
With L.S.D. to finish up the set,
Nor fail each year, when Eton's batting free,
To come to our House Dinner on the spree.
Bring the other Jim, and then we shall be three.

July, 1903.

TO REV. J. ELLISON, VICAR OF WINDSOR.

On his Second Marriage.

OFT had I mused of how you bore your part ;
With shouldered Cross, and manful earnest heart.
Oft had I hoped : but never dreamed of yore
That happiness like this could be in store.

1902.

LEO XIII. MORITURUS.

These verses (originally in Latin), said to have been made by Pope Leo XIII. during his last illness, were afterwards stated to have been composed earlier; of which Mrs. Carter's mother, Mrs. Drew, asked for a translation.

They appeared during his last illness in the papers. They are touching as having been at any rate the work of a very old man, very near his time.

LEO, the hour draws near, which bids thee go,
 And fare according to thy path below.
 What future meed awaits thee? Heaven should be
 In reach to one endowed by God like thee.
 Yet the vast charge of the tremendous Keys,
 Their life-long yoke, well mayst thou quail at these,
 For he who stands thus raised among mankind
 To fiercer pangs must be thereby consigned;
 Yet one sweet thought supports the trembling breast,
 Which seems as by some milder voice address:
 "Why yielding to such fears? Why hug the past,
 And sadden all thy retrospect at last?
 Christ is at hand! His pardon humbly pray.
 Trust Him: each sin He'll surely wash away."

It was stated in the papers of July 17, 1903, that the following were really the verses which the Pope wrote after being taken ill, the proofs of which he corrected within a few days of his death.

Translation.

YOUNG Anselm, by ancestral virtue fired,
 To Bec's calm cloister eagerly retired,
 Under Lanfranc and Abbot Herluin gained
 That piety and love which he attained.
 How could such training fail to touch a youth
 Instinct with genius, born for heavenly Truth?
 Hence grew the Archbishop, that inspired divine
 Who raised his towering head in heaven to shine.

The former would seem the more appropriate to the occasion.

1903.

TO C. BARRON, ESQ., OF BERRY POMEROY.

On his leaving the Torbay Archery Club.

MY first, well trod by the fair feet of lasses,
 Supplies dry liquor to the Barran's glasses,
 Where cider-drinkers, heedless of the bow,
 Salute my second with a Royal O.¹

My whole's an ancient ivy-grown retreat,
 With love, good temper, beauty, wealth complete.

Cider nor gooseberry shall tempt my mouth,
 But Berry Pomeroy must slake my drouth.

¹ Altering Pomery into Pome-Roy.

JAPAN.

A NOBLER race exists not on this earth !
 Attest it, Britons. Not alone because
 They crowd the straits of death to clinch the foe,
 Wooing destruction for their country's weal,
 But for their patient waiting for the hour
 Of equitable claims, for self-command,
 For loyalty to that high throne to which
 Europe's proud lines are but of yesterday :
 For kindness to the stricken, for that great fast
 Kept by a fleet to mourn a fallen foe,
 Than which no finer act is known by fame.
 Therefore we say, " Far East is furthest West,
 Circling the hemispheres." Therefore we greet
 These as our brethren, in their island home,
 The eldest though the latest born of Powers ;
 Brethren in arms, in arts, in aim, in hope ;
 Would they were ours in worship, blest with faith
 In Christ's self-sacrifice to crown their own !

FOR THE "AMPHIBIAN" AT ETON.

By request.

WHAT! does the "Amphibian" again revive?

Such news may make an old frog look alive
Even when wet-bobbing with Charon's boat—

"Brekekekex co-ax, I'm still afloat"—

Force prehistoric saurians to smile,

Cheer to a grin the tearful crocodile!

Your Poet, who once praised amphibian life,

Said games were games, not pot-hunting or strife

Now raises his long latent submarine,

Pokes up his conning-tower, and scans the scene.

He sees the old frontispiece, twelve frogs afield,

As now the oar and now the bat they wield.

How right you are, past numbers to review,

Thus alligating what is old to new!

"A la bonne heure!" the time is opportune:

The world's converted to our side this June!

Those Japs! they'll beat us if we don't look out,

By tabulating our best thoughts, no doubt.

Look how they sail to lurk among their eyots,

Then row ashore to munch their rice and dates.

Soon on the tented field they'll play their test,

Where swift old 'Ωκυ bowls his level best.

They draw the Russian balls, they run to cover,

Measure each break and analyse each over.

They mean to get Port Arthur, "coûte que coûte,"
For country's sake, and not for hope of loot.

Our gracious Sovereign, whose consummate tact
Shines in each well-considered word and act,
Steers his state-barge among our echoing crews,
In marked approval of amphibian views.
Long may he live to pacify and bless
The peoples of the earth in righteousness :
Long may he reign, and o'er his faithful school
Shed "extra weeks" with mild unchequered rule.
Charm his imperial nephew out at Kiel,
Our soldier-admiral, whose glove is steel.

June, 1904.

TO MRS. CHRISTIAN BEELS OF AMSTERDAM.

To whom my daughter had gone as a nursery governess.

I CANNOT greet you for St. Nicholas,¹
 For he is come and gone before I knew ;
 Like Rodjestwensky, I must save my face,
 I hope, not causing quite so much ado.

St. Nicholas is patron saint of boys,
 Also of sailors, and, I think, of thieves !
 His wallet's empty. He has left his toys
 In Clemmy's stockings, thick as autumn leaves.

But there's another Saint who loves the girls ;
 I love them too, and so for her I wait.
 She smiles, or, if she weeps, her tears are pearls ;
 She wins all hearts, she sits in lowly state.

Where shepherds wonder, kings will soon adore.
 And bring choice gifts unto that stable cell,
 To whate'er else the Heavenly Child she bore,
 One thing is sure : He came Old Nick to quell.

Yes, 'tis with girls my quiver is made full,
 And my heart also. May all girls win heaven !
 And if old Wordsworth came to pester mine
 With logic dull, they'd still say, " We are seven."

¹ St. Nicholas (Dec. 6) stands for Santa Claus in Holland.

Thanks for your kindness to the child that's far,
Who must be always going forth to roam ;
May she win grace, and may that guiding star
Which shines on all, still link her to her Home !

And when I think of her, I think of all
Who serve me with their tendance. For I deem
All service truly noble ; and the call
Imperative, to pull out first the beam.

Yes, to our equals be we what we will,
Yet to the servant show the gentlest mind :
As Christ came, not his own needs to fulfil,
No, but to minister to Human Kind.

Christmas, 1904.

SONGS OF THE ANÆSTHETIC.

I.

In praise of Gas (K).

D RINK, suffering mortal, of this kindly draught,
 From Lethe's stream, or of Nepenthe born,
 That mild Egyptian drug which Helen once
 Shed o'er the eyes of tired Telemachus,
 The momentary type of gentlest death.

Mount on this throne, adjustable at will,
 The toy of childhood, the relief of age,
 Recline at ease, and balance that sore head
 At fittest angle. Think on something sweet—
 Love well requited, or some grateful friend,
 Some dexterous "putt," some deftly-landed trout,
 Some deeply-pondered stroke of those nice Japs—
 Then, deep inhaling, calm your soul, and count.
 Discard all fears of how it may not work,
 For work it will. So, without thought or care
 For that too recent breakfast ill advised,
 Or, were't not best to have abstained from wine?—
 You find 'tis over, and your foe is gone,
 You know not how. But close beside you swirls
 A lukewarm eddy round the silvered bowl,
 While low and soothing voices call to mind

How well you took it and how helpfully,
 Bravely enduring when you felt not aught !
 Then, as you murmur thanks, you meditate,
 " If this was like to death, then death is kind."

1903.

11.

On leaving the Nursing Home, "South Eden."

Farewell, South Eden ! Paradise well named
 For suffering human kind. Within thee ripen,
 On trees of knowledge both of good and evil,
 Fruits much to be desired to make one wise,
 Good food for contemplation, not for taste,
 Discreetly ministered by Sister Eve
 And her kind helpmates. Lo, within thee stands
 A mystic altar, no æsthetic shrine
 With frontal decked of high embroidery,
 But anæsthetic, moveable at will,
 On which the sufferer, like young Isaac, laid,
 May quaff pure ether, while seraphic forms
 Stand with drawn blades, and yet conceal their glint
 Till the ripe moment.

* * *

* * * * *

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At night the ripples murmur on the sand,
 By day fair pleasure-boats and trawlers ply,

E

While on the sward blithe cherubs up and down
 Play the sweet pranks of innocence. Beyond,
 I see the portly figures of my friends,
 Vestured in wondrous raiment, the stone stair
 Ascending and descending, not without
 The odorous curl of incense and of pipe,
 Within the Club's Ionic peristyle.

Thrice happy souls! I almost hear you speak,
 Nay, almost catch the click of billiard balls
 And see the Pontiff's table at its sport,
 Or where ye stand and scan the telegrams
 And settle Russia's fate in the Far East.
 Soon shall I shake kind hands and hear your news,
 For now the inexorable ministrants,
 Impatient of dull convalescence, stand
 And hurry me without, and bar return.
 I murmur thanks for recreative care,
 But go content. The world hath other joys!

April, 1905.

III.

*To the unknown young lady next door who had sent me in her looking-glass
 to shave with.*

The glass you sent me with such kindly grace,
 Accustomed to present a comelier face,
 I now return, that it may be restored
 To its more noble service, and afford

More pleasure by the image it reflects
 Than from unshorn old gentlemen's defects.
 However, it has seen me smooth and clean ;
 May it soon see you what in health you've been.

1905.

IV.

To the same, on my leaving South Eden.

Farewell, my nearest neighbour, whom I knew
 As Number Three, and sought to know no more,
 Lest, were I able to see through that door,
 What I imagined thee might prove untrue.

Yet every morning I have asked thy news
 Of lessened pain, and how the night has sped,
 And daily listened for thy doctor's tread,
 And what they would allow and what refuse.

For I've been laid upon the selfsame bier,
 But one day earlier. I have pitied thee—
 Heard thee "come to"—perchance thou hast heard me,
 For still the after troubles are severe.

And now take courage ! soon shalt thou be wel ,
 Discomfort done with, and the anguish past,
 New strength in store. Easter succeeds to fast,
 Remembered pain new happiness may spell.

For this thank God, and these kind Sisters next,
 Whose unremitting care has helped our woe.
 And in night watches, when the hours seem slow,
 Thy spirit shall enlarge upon this text.

South Eden, April, 1905.

V.

*To Mr. Sumner, who spent his holiday, on coming home from Argentina, at
 Paignton, chiefly in undergoing operations in South Eden Nursing Home.*

From Western Eden-vales you tend
 Across the wide Atlantic,
 A hard-earned holiday to spend
 On Devon's shores romantic.

Sweet dreams of fishing, shooting, golf,
 Are in your vision floating ;
 You yearn the business garb to doff
 And give yourself to boating.

A different Eden was your fate,
 But one which angels dwell in ;
 Your drink, the draughts which children hate,
 Your food, the food of Mellin.

Small was the quantum you could get,
 Light was your dole of manna,
 Banned was the noxious cigarette,
 And the innocent Havannah.

You breathed pure ether, on the tray
 Twice placed for vivisection ;
 After each bout, six weeks you lay,
 Fine time for introspection !

When with rejuvenescent zest
 Again you scale the Andes,
 To flood fresh markets (by request)
 With Europe's ports and brandies,

As with a smile you pay your bill—
 Albeit but a faint one—
 Grateful you'll feel for all the skill
 And care you found at Paignton.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF MISS DOVE,

Head Mistress of Wycombe Abbey School, where it is hung.

AYE, there she sits, of aspect rare,
 That lady missioned to create ;
 With deep-brown eyes and snowy hair,
 The Dido of our nascent state.

Yet, when we think of how she stood,
 For School or Prayer, with upraised face,
 A model of strong womanhood,
 We feel there's something lost for grace.

The eager mind, the bronze-like hue,
 The will-formed mouth, the glance that stirs,
 Which humour and yet sternness knew,
 Characteristically hers.

This might have been some graceful dame
 Nursed in repose among her flowers,
 Sweetly receiving friends who came,
 Just stepping out between the showers.

Some day, when future Wycombites,
 Our daughters, who now urge the ball,
 Show us these old and well-loved sights,
 Some Jubilee within this Hall,

They'll say, "How sweet! with *her* as Head,
One must have had a festive time—
Immunities for those who led—
No trivial lapses judged for crime!"

Then we, a little portlier grown,
Shall shake white plumes and murmur, "True!
A gracious canvas, sweet in tone :
But not our Foundress, whom we knew!"

1906.

TO A. SPENS, ESQ.

On his birthday, February 28.

WHAT greeting is appropriate
 From twenty-seven to twenty-eight ?

So far your senior, it appears,
 I lead in days, but not in years.
 Much hope I, as we near the end,
 From the example of my friend,
 Marking the just and even mind,
 The charity to all mankind,
 The record of a useful life,
 The love of daughter and of wife :
 Though not without a sigh we see
 Two wheels have given place to three !

Long may you live the Club to rule,
 Master of Snooker and of Pool—
 Trounce knaves, as on the Bench you sit,
 Your flute not sharper than your wit,
 And charm us with those notes so mellow !
 These wishes from your faithful 'cello !

TO THE PRESIDENT AND OFFICERS OF THE ETON
COLLEGE DEBATING SOCIETY.

In reply to an invitation in verse to their Jubilee Dinner on St. Andrew's Day,
1905.

DEAR friends, your graceful missive by its courtesy
Almost compels me. For I should be sure to see
A gracious gathering, and a feast historic.—
Would I could emulate your metre choric !
I'd come, like old Umbricius, "caligatus,"
To have a kick, though "rude jam donatus,"
And join sexagenarians in the fray :
But I shall be some thousand miles away !

There will be gathered in your noble Hall,
Friends old and young ; deft furkers of the ball,
Past Presidents, and Secretaries rare,
Sage Openers, and men behind the Chair ;
Bishops and Judges,¹ Rochester² and Winton,³
With artist brethren, skilled to work the tint on ;
Ex-metropolitans⁴ from far Calcutta,
And those who ply the cue, or seize the "puttah" ;

¹ Judges Kennedy and Parker.

² Dr. Harmer.

³ Dr. Ryle, Bishop of Winchester, whose brother Arthur was an artist of some eminence.

⁴ Dr. Welldon.

And Common Sergeants¹ and Reviewers² serious,
 Haters of Gladstone,³ praisers of Tiberius⁴ ;
 The Mayor of Cambridge,⁵ Eton town's new Pastor,⁶
 With here a present,⁷ there an ex-Lower Master.⁸
 Here the Vice-Provost,⁹ there will sit the Bursar,¹⁰
 Keen to enrich the College—or amerce her ;
 And statesmen bold of Radical proclivities,
 All met to countenance your gay festivities.

Not thus of yore : when at the Sixth Form table,
 After Debate, we brewed, as we were able,
 Our College swipes within a pointed cannikin,
 Spiced, with some toasted cheese upon a pannikin—
 “ Noctes Deum cenaque ! ”—when in flounced,
 In cap and gown, Great Goodford, unannounced.
 Behind him, in attendance, was Old Shirley,
 To quell our revels, though the hour was early.
 “ What have you there ? ” “ Spiced beer, Sir,” we replied.
 “ What else ? ” “ Nought else, Sir.” But he feared we lied ;
 And, motioning to Shirley, bade him try it,
 Speaking in Latin phrase, “ Exemplum fiet.”
 It might be purl ! that gem, of course, misspelt,
 Which Cleopatra once in wine did melt,
 To make the crown of some absurd cotillon,
 And feel what 'twas to swallow a round million !
 Shirley, nought loth, drains deep full half a minute,
 And, smacking lips, reports, “ There's nothing in it.”

¹ Sir F. A. Bosanquet.

² H. Paul, M.P.

³ F. T. Cobbold.

⁴ J. C. Tarver.

⁵ W. Durnford.

⁶ Rev. Lewis H. Evans.

⁷ F. H. Rawlius.

⁸ E. C. Austen-Leigh.

⁹ F. Warre-Cornish.

¹⁰ H. C. Hollway-Calthrop.

Nor was there—*that* time ! Much were we elated,
Our outraged innocence thus vindicated.

Yes, I'd fain come, but I shall have departed
To sunnier climes, and there, regretful-hearted,
Hope your debates may never lack a quorum,
And think upon your speeches—in the Forum.

St. Andrew's Day, 1905.

TO E. C. A. L.

The following epigram appeared in the "Amphibian" on the occasion of the resignation of the Lower Mastership at Eton, by E. C. Austen-Leigh, in 1905. I know not by whom.

WITH heavy hand you flogged us, and
 Our heart was light. But now we part,
 The heaviness has left your hand
 To come and settle on our heart !

ΤΩΙ ΜΑΣΤΙΓΟΦΟΡΩΙ.

Ὑστερόποινος ἐὼν μέγα φίψας παῖδας Ἐτώνων,
 τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἔμελεν, κουφосύνη πραπίδων.
 Νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οἰχίσει, γελάας, μετὰ χειρὸς ἐλαφρῆς,
 χήμεις τάξοπίσω κλαίμεν ἐζόμενοι.

TO A YOUNG LADY AT ROME,

Who preferred overworking herself in a Life School to visiting Naples and Sicily with her parents, and who asked me for a sketch.

FAIR maid, whom loyalty to Art
 Constrains, with mind enthusiastic,
 Despising the mere tourist's part,
 To study form and features plastic.

What, though parental voices call
 To Enna's glades and famed Messina?
 What, though, without thyself, might pall
 The matchless charm of Taormina?

Sternly thou treadest, morn and eve,
 Hot studios with sublime ambition,
 Resolved no means untried to leave,
 To rival Raffaele and Titian.

Yet spare, oh! spare the electric light;
 Be wise, or all your friends will rue it:
 Water with sleep those roses bright,
 Nor, like young ladies, "overdo it!"

Your palette ne'er can renovate
Nor match those hues on health attendant :
No carbon point can recreate
The spark in youthful eyes resplendent.

Accept the impression which I seize
In one fair city that thou spurnest ;
Though what I paint may fail to please,
Be sure that what I write is earnest !

Naples, 1906.

TO MR. AND MRS. OXLEY PARKER,

Of Sharpham, on the Dart, who gave entertainment and nightly shelter to myself, little Mary, and Gipsy Adams, when we bicycled over to tea and were prevented from returning by severe storms. Sharpham is one of the loveliest places on the Dart, and was for forty years in possession of Miss Durant, who lived quite alone, wrapped everything carefully up, and left the life interest in the place to her nephew, Mr. Oxley Parker, who had married the daughter of my dear old artistic friend, Mr. Gambier Parry.

KIND friends, with whom I thought to spend two hours,
 And tarried four and twenty, for it rained,
 Thundered, and flashed, and your enchanted bowers
 Protected us, and, at our need, constrained,

Accept my thanks for hospitable aid,
 Which furnished all that pilgrims might desire,
 And rowed us back down Dart's meandering shade,
 Sated with beauty, eager still to admire,

Bearing remembrance of your Eden's dream—
 How leapt the salmon, where the heron flew,
 And how your curtained woods o'erhung the stream,
 How vast your trees, how magical each view.

Without was Nature, and within was Art,
Waked as from mystic sleep of centuries,
Like that princess who waited but the heart
Of the predestined swain, to open eyes.

Long may you find fresh treasures, long unseen,
Old friend of bygone time, new friend of this ;
Nor may old Dart so deeply roll between,
As to forbid our knowledge of your bliss !

June, 1906.

MARGARET FISHING.

'T WAS on September the fourteenth,
 When Margaret Williams, wishing
 To cut her previous record out,
 Proposed to go a-fishing.

Down Mr. Learmonth drove in state—
 A prince from Buenos Aires,
 Or somewhere else—the land is large,
 A favourite dream of Mary's.

The wind was fresh. The "Lotus" flew ;
 We reefed to a slow canter :
 One line to starboard, one to port,
 The mackerel came instanter.

Fair Margaret whistled clear, and sang—
 Regardless of the "lopping"—
 Beethoven, Schumann, Grieg—and oh !
 She's such a girl for Chopin !¹

Our bucket filled, we land for tea
 In Elbury's cove umbrageous ;
 Then, just as we embarked, a storm
 Poured hail and rain outrageous.

¹ v.l. shopping.

" Best put it off," the father said,
 " Keep dry, and get in shelter."
 " Yes, yes ! *put off* !" keen Margaret cried ;
 " *Now* they'll come helterskelter !"

And so they did. They came in crowds,
 Even ere the storm abated,
 Lured by the silver slithering flake
 From their own brothers baited.

At length with threescore fish empailed,
 We made the port to leeward,
 Where Learmonth's steeds still pawed the ground
 To roll him to Dunruadh.

September, 1906.

TO A. SPENS, ESQ. OF DUNRUADH.

DEAR Spens, the year that is run out
 We'll gladly bid adieu to :
 Closing in rheumatism and gout ;
 See ! this is what it grew to !

Despite what fair logicians prove,
 That pain is but subjective,
 You cannot reach your flute, but sigh,
 Knowing you're not effective.

My knee is bigger than my thigh,
 My ankle quite a sight is ;
 For you have rheumatism, and I
 Have rheumatoid arthritis.

Ask Mr. Benson to compose
 A "duettino bello,"
 In fugue, expressive of our woes,
 For flute and for the 'cello.

"Allegro" it must not include,
 Nor stately "maestoso."
 "Andante" may suit *you*, but would
 Force me to cry "My toes ! oh !"

We both grow old, and “ringing out
The old ” conveys a sermon,
Worthy of Ross or Mr. Forth,
Or e’en the Kaiser German.

Gout and its crew may help to mend
Some ills we have grown gray in.
Say what you will, we both intend
Fair Paignton to decay in.

December, 1906.

THE ESCAPE OF LOÏS.

THE William 'Enery is a punt
 Towed by the larger " Lotus,"
 Whenever we've a mind to land ;
 Just big enough to float us.

One August day, when Paignton teemed
 With many a careless tripper,
 Florence with fair Miss Loïs sailed,
 With Scottie as their skipper.

Two more were gone to Berry Head
 To picnic with the Perksses ;
 Scottie was bound to fetch them back,
 By vows as rash as Xerxes'.

" Unless an earthquake, or dire storm,
 Or dead calm, spoils prevision,
 I shall be there to bring you home."
 But Neptune laughed derision.

Up got the wind, and pooping waves
 Pursued in cruel venery ;
 Florence looked round, and, " Oh ! " she cried,
 " What's come to William 'Enery ? "

Soon she's " hove to " all waterlogged,
 Beneath the " Lotus " skewered ;
 They cast the anchor, furl'd the sails,
 Then she came up to leeward.

The sculls were gone, the bottom boards,
 The rudder and the tiller !
 Scottie's big boots alone remained—
 They'd quite sufficed to fill her !

Poor Florence got her hand pinched tight,
 Where grinding gunwales caught her ;
 And " Uncle Joe," Macaulay hight,
 Had almost lost his daughter ;

Who, brought to land, in moving terms
 Told of the escape from drowning,
 Which I've described to you in verse,
 Worthy of Robert Browning.

All ends well. The " King Edward " soon
 Brought off the waiting sisters ;
 Next morn, on Poncie's injured hand
 Nought's seen but blackened blisters.

Little Bob Tucker in the "Ned"
Rescued the sculls and steerage,
Quite sure the party must be drowned—
A deed well worth a peerage.

Bless the "King Edward"! Bless the "Ned,"
Which salved the "William 'Enery,"
And may H.M., whose name they bear,
Go strong to his centenary.

August, 1907.

The next four pieces were written, the first for my daughter on her engagement to Launcelot Luxmoore, at her request, the second, to my old friend H. E. Luxmoore, who (lately retired from Eton) had written from Aix, where he had gone for baths, complaining that we had fixed the wedding on June 2 because the Fourth of June would make it impossible for him to be present. He turned up in the church unexpectedly, and his adventures are the subject of No. III.

CONNIANA.

I.

DEAR Connie, no ! I would not tune
 Your fortunes to a lighter lay,
 Nor, beating out some trivial rune,
 Expose them to the glare of day.

But, have you known me thus inclined,
 Quite to refuse the thing you ask ?
 Words now, if ever, I must find,
 And, at your call, essay the task.

Yet, if your parents e'er have built
 Domes for their daughters in the air,
 Connubial castles, sunny-gilt,
 It was not you who harboured there.

Rather we deemed your aim would be
 To ply the artist's high career—
 Such was your bent—all fancy free.
 This was our hope, or this our fear.

When lo ! there swept across the bay
 Our friend's bright son, well known of yore :
 Bearing his racquet, bent on play.
 Welcome he was, we thought no more ;

But liked him for his kindly grace,
 And for his name, and for his tennis,
 Nor dreamed of any hazard-chase,
 Or service that concealed a menace.

His game it had its ups and downs ;
 We felt not how he meant to win it.
 Fortune had smiles, but oftener frowns ;
 With you, it seemed, he was not in it.

But soon, at stations, luncheons, church,
 He happened, as the unexpected,
 And though you left him in the lurch,
 He vowed he would not be rejected.

At last it happened on a day,
 When you returned from cities foreign,
 Those who looked out across Torbay
 Saw " Lotus " captured by the " Corin."

Now we too love him ; yet I feel
 What once was said by poor old Laban—
 Although I can't approve his deal—
 Ach, nein ! das kann man nicht vergeben !

Go with him, dearest, "down-along,"
 Be kind to all his tastes ascetic,
 Rise at six-thirty, play his song,
 And be in all things sympathetic.

And oft, when Rachel needs a rest,
 Or change from out the tents of Jacob,
 Fly back by train to your old nest,
 Or mount a pillion on the gray cob.

June, 1908.

II.

Prothalamium.

To H. E. Luxmoore.

Dear friend, not so. We only thought that, fixing June the second,
 We might indubitably on your presence here have reckoned;
 For we considered by that day the Fourth we just avoided,
 Not disregarding it outright—although sometimes a boy did.

I thought, too, that the Fourth would not seem quite a feast
 perennial,
 Now that you've crossed the Jabbok's stream, like him who strove
 at Peniel;
 I used to think it was a day unfit for purpose serious,
 If not, indeed, unto our work useless and deleterious.

One feared all day one's pattern boy might sin against propriety,
 By being borne by Bobbies home in state of inebriety ;
 Though true it is one sometimes fixed some difficult old gal-at-
 table,
 When (Mumm's the word) with sweet champagne she d stomach
 truths unpalatable.

It's very nice for stale O.E.'s to come and broach banalities,
 But an emancipated beak should fly such trivialities ;
 So, as to June the Fourth, you see, unless your pretext fibbed is,
 We gave you ample room to sail 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis.

Celia comes down upon the first to keep our Parentalia,
 And motors back next day to grace old Eton's Saturnalia ;
 Yet if it is to Aix, or Aches, whichever spelling's preferable,
 And exigences medical that your refusal's referable,

Stay, stew from out your aged joints the arthritis that's inveterate,
 Or, if you can't do that, like me, you may aspire to better it,
 And diagnose the present ills, and never mind the preterite.
 Entice out the acidities like many a West End rioter,
 And come some day and starve with us, when Noe's days are
 quieter.

Or, if you long for state, the Lord of Vane Cliff—there's the fun
 of it—
 Lays costliest fare before his guests, while he himself will none
 of it ;
 Thus Zeno Epicurus feasts, intending to allay a schism,
 Yet only ends by making more perverts to Cyrenaicism.

May, 1908.

III.

Epithalamium : Epilogue to the last.

Lo ! the wedding-guests assemble in the church bedecked with
flowers,

And the diapasons tremble, as with low mysterious powers.

Leaning on her sire frockcoated, walks the bride all smiling
sweetly,

And the bridesmaids' beauty's noted as they file in rear discreetly.

Choristers in purple cassock there behind the screen are pealing,

And the best man steals a hassock, for the stones are hard for
kneeling.

Now the couple with emotion listen to the kindly Vicar,

Urging them to life's devotion, and, above all, not to bicker.

Suddenly upon the senses steals a saintly apparition

Of Henricus Etonensis like some pilgrim on our vision !

Oh ! thou traveller unbeaten, whether sprung from Aix or Eton,

Or from out yon gorgeous casement, we do view thee with
amazement.

Round thy forehead shines a halo. Oh ! deliver us "a malo !"

Crown our feasting with thy presence. Stay this night, and bless
our pleasance !

"Nay, for I must be returning," quoth the Sage, refreshment
spurning.

"And my train is at four-twenty." Thus incontinently went he.

Ah! he missed the train four-twenty, and an all-night vigil spent
he,

Like Don Quixote watching armour, slave of the Tobosian
charmer.

Ah! thou wayfarer unbeaten, hurrying not to Aix but Eton,
Wherefore sleepest thou not at Paignton, since thy hope was but a
faint one?

Engine throbbing into Bristol feebly, diastole and systole—
Chafing lonely hours at Swindon, still with wedding-favour pinned
on,

Pacing platform-planks at Reading, till, when morn dim rays was
shedding,

Oh! the sight for gods immortal! down he sank at his own portal!

Now, thrice welcome would a key be, to unlock the doors
baronial,

Slammed and bolted, as old C. B. bolted ours to claims colonial!

Hark! can that be a policeman coming on his quest injurious?

If my sister, now, or niece, man, knew my situation curious!

“With my knife I’ll stop this pother, and an entrance force
burglarious,

Since Necessity’s the mother of inventions multifarious.”

He spake; and deftly raised the sash; but climbing through he
fumbled,

O’er-balanced in the invasion rash, and through the darkness
tumbled:

But, falling, clasped a snow-white form: thus might the Cyprian
see a

Pygmalion embracing warm the awaking Galatea!

But just as in his wild alarms he'd locked his arms around her,
He held, all broken in his arms, the statue of the Founder!

"Well, I've arrived for Chapel chime! 'Twill brace my soul's
activities—

Sweet service of the Fourth!—in time for Eton's grand festivities!"
But when for Psalms he rose to stand, he found he'd wrongly
reckoned :

And that he'd still one day in hand—he'd travelled on the second!

June 2, 1908.

IV.

"Castor gaudet equis, ovo prognatus eodem
Pugnis."

HORACE.

In Memoriam Ash Wednesday, 1909.

WHEN a young angel is sent down
Before it is expected,
It sometimes happens that from Town
Goods have not been selected.

Flannels and bibs have not been got,
 Nor linen for the occasion :
 No nurse, no sheets, not even a cot,
 To meet the dear invasion.

But when we find, instead of one,
 Two little sudden fairies,
 Not merely doubled is the fun,
 The ratio's as the square is.

Then Fashion has to stand aside,
 With all that babes look sweet in,
 The darlings must in hampers bide,
 And things they bring the meat in.

Thus at the Club my friend and I
 Discoursed of new accessions ;
 My Sun just risen in Gemini—
His twins are in Professions.

" 'Twas frost," he said, " when ours were born,
 We could not heat the water.
 We put them into drawers that morn ;
 There was no other quarter ! "

" Our pair are less advanced than yours,"
 I said, " though still it freezes ;
 We cannot put them into *drawers*,
 They even lack chemises ! "

Castor shall ride the horse that rocks,
The joy that was his mother's ;
Pollux, the hero of " la boxe,"
Lies in one by his brother's.

May both enjoy the *Luck* that's *More*,
Their record be unbeaten,
And may they ply the bat and oar
In proper form, at Eton !

1909.

TO W. AUSTEN LEIGH.

My lifelong friend, on his retiring from the Clerkship of the Journals in the House of Lords, on a pension of £666, in his 65th year.

"Annuimus pariter vetuli notique columbi."

HORACE, *Ep.*

AS one turns over some old book
Of photographs from years long ended,
Wherein one face, one well-known look,
With every group and scene is blended,

So, viewing back that golden age
At Cambridge in the early sixties,
I see your friendship on each page
How it unalterably fixed is.

We read the Classics, but, I ween,
More for their form than for their treasures,
And probably were much too keen
On boyhood's studies, boyhood's pleasures.

Horace we thumbed, and Sophocles,
 Our object still to shirk Quadratics,
 Loved Plato and Thucydides,
 Detested nought but Mathematics.

We thought that we were quite the swells
 Of all who trod our echoing staircase ;
 At Sunday Breakfasts " saved the bells,"
 Or haply missed them—not a rare case.

We had few vices—you had none :
 There was not much to make one vicious ;
 For, when our daily work was done,
 Your music made the hours delicious.

We loved our Chapel, praised its glass,
 Played cricket moderately and tennis,
 In Shakspeare might just hope to pass,
 Macaulay, and the " Stones of Venice."

Then came the Tripos, and we gained
 Degrees according to our earning,
 And, with our Fellowships, retained
 A foothold in the halls of learning.

To Dresden thence, to study Art,
 And Music, and the speech Teutonic ;
 For, though our Greek we had by heart,
 Our modern tongues were embryonic.

The Nineteenth Century might boast
 About the years you now acknowledge,
 When, each for his predestined post,
 We left the portals of our College.

I went to Eton, bred for that,
 Not loving much the stage initial ;
 You in the Gilded Chamber sat,
 Not as a Peer, but an Official,

Where, rising duly to the top,
 You were an honoured institution
 In that, the one remaining prop
 Of our much suffering Constitution.

But now, like me, you're on the shelf ;
 And I from mine thus send you greeting,
 For you have been my other self
 Through those long years which we're completing.

You gain as Pension, which is due,
 A sum, though adequate, yet cryptic—
 None surely ever dreamed that you
 Could be the Beast Apocalyptic ?

You never rose from out the sea,
 Nor kicked your wife to death, like Nero :
 You never had one !—monster, he,
 Stained with all crimes, while yours are zero.

Well, sixty-six and six to boot
Does for a single man's requirement,
And, saving the Johannine Brute,
It isn't such a bad retirement.

“To him that hath 'tis given again,”
A truth experience is not new in ;
Long may the House of Lords remain,
Which saves us all, like you, from ruin !

October, 1908.

PARISH AND WALKER.

An Escape from Dartmoor.

ONE morn, when warders were remiss,
 They climbed the prison-stable's casement,
 And dropping through the unknown abyss,
 Found they stood safe outside the basement.

Two gaol-birds flying from their cage,
 But whither bound or why, they knew not ;
 A hopeless, aimless pilgrimage,
 Enough for them, so men pursue not.

Dense mist befriends them as they grope
 O'er Dartmoor's solitudes so dreary ;
 Brief liberty their transient hope,
 They stumble on, forlorn and weary.

No food have they, their boots are rent,
 Their prison-clothes must rouse suspicion ;
 Filching some turnips, ill-content,
 They mock their stomachs' inanition.

And all for a few weeks of "time,"
 The remnant short of their long sentence,
 Ere liberty might bring new crime,
 Conviction, and (perchance) repentance !

For now just sprouts the civil hair
 Upon their gaol-cropt heads pubescent,
 And freedom's mantling sign is there
 Upon these faces adolescent.

Poor hapless "juvenile-adult!"
 You'll rise in your degrees the faster,
 Pursue the inevitable cult,
 And qualify in crime as Master!

For there's a parsonage hard by,
 And lightly closed the scullery shutter;
 Through this they enter silently,
 And search the place for bread and butter.

Beef and a goose the larder gives,
 And see! a bottle of Wincarnis!
 In sooth, no bad restoratives
 For men worn weak in prison harness.

"Parish's food" it soon became;
 Then to the silver they apply them;
 "Happy Okehampton!" they exclaim,
 "Whose curates keep such silver by them."

A parson's crib's the crib for me,
 What store of gifts both chaste and garish!
 This Presentation Plate, you see,
 Goes back to a more grateful Parish."

Meanwhile police from far and near
 Close and yet closer draw their meshes ;
 Parish is caught : but, bent on beer,
 Walker once more his thirst refreshes.

Some " Krugers " from a bar he " earns,"
 And, joy ! tobacco for his smoking ;
 Alas ! he reads, " Old Friend," " Returns " :
 Ill-omened words, mistrust evoking.

At length he's trapped, and carried through
 Back to Okehampton, still great-coated
 In Curate Dobson's black surtout,
 To vestments clerical promoted.

That evening two contiguous cells
 Echoed with songs and peals of laughter,
 Just while no discipline compels
 Reflection on what's due hereafter,

Nor how to-morrow each must see
 End of adventures and surprises,
 And for fresh burglaries must be
 Committed at the next Assizes.

October, 1908.

IN MEMORIAM OPTIMI SENIS S. ATKINSON.

ERGO te tenet dolorum finis exoptabilis,
 Terminus longi laboris, taedii solatium !
 En senectutis relinquis involucrum debile,
 Et beatorum renatis tu choris adjungeris.

At decebat Angelorum festa sic revisere,
 Dum valetudo refecta paullulum subdit morae,
 Mox, dies ut dedicati jam relucet Andreae,
 Sub sacris quae diligebas, posse conquiescere.

Jam sodalitas tuorum sancta te receperit,
 Scire fas, quae multa nobis dura sunt intelligi,
 Quanta sit spes sub futuri temporis velamine,
 Quam brevis sit mortis angor, quanta vis victoriae.

Nos pudebit luctuosis neniis languescere,
 Dum volas, solutus aegro corporis subtemine ;
 Functus aerumnis, perenni perfrueris praemio,
 Specimen unicum relinques simplicis constantiae.

October 4, 1908.

IDEM ANGLICÈ.

SO at last there comes an ending to the journey's weariness,
Goal to which thy course was tending, consolation for its
stress.

Lo! thou leav'st the form which cumbered and enwrapped thy
failing age,
And with those thou lov'st art numbered, partner in Life's
heritage.

Happy in thy lot once more to see All Angels' festal day,
Just so much the stroke forbore, and just so long did Death delay ;
Then, as thy belov'd St. Andrew's Dedication sun uprose,
E'en upon that hallowed morning did thy spirit find repose.

Now already hath the band of thy belov'd ones welcomed thee,
Now is plain unto thy vision what on earth we fail to see ;
What high hopes to us lie hidden under these dark clouds of Time,
Pangs of Death how quickly passing, Life's long victory how
sublime.

Shame it were with lamentation feebly to deplore thy change,
Who, released from that frail body, through God's Light art free
to range.
Earth's long burden left behind thee, blest for ever shalt thou be,
Given to us the bright example of thy Faith's simplicity.

Answer to the Circular of the Provost of King's, asking members of the College what literary work they had completed within the year.

DEAR Provost, when you ask, each year,
 What's been our output scientific,
 I have to state, in shame and fear,
 I'm absolutely unprolific.

I've not essayed to prove that John
 Keeps step with narratives Synoptic,
 Knowledge of Buddhism I have none,
 Nor skill in Arabic or Coptic.

I own no treatises on Art,
 No monographs of Human Passion,
 I've published no Sidereal Chart,
 Nor broached a Theory of Fashion.

I cannot dig—although in Crete
 'Twere nice with Minos' Age to link us,
 And I'd be overjoyed to greet
 Lost manuscripts at Oxyrhynchus.

Though on a Rock my house doth sit,
 My garden's red earth holds my talent ;
 I'm a survival of the Unfit,
 Discredit to my comrades gallant.



Yet what I can I needs must send,
Slight trivial verses, as you ask it,
Not to the Provost, but the friend,
Knowing your big wastepaper basket.

Bear with late Fellows run to seed !
Since making books there is no end to,
Some there must be what's writ to read,
And some to say that they intend to.

1908.

THOUGHTS ON QUINQUAGESIMA.

MARCH is coming, Lent is looming,
 Soles and sprats will soon be booming,
 Brixham trawlers will be laden to the gunwale.
 Quinquagesima's Epistle
 Strikes the ear like the last whistle
 Of the train before it enters the long tunnel.

Well-intentioned folks are casting
 About how to do some fasting,
 Which they feel is somehow wholesome at the season ;
 Though of downright self-denial
 They've no mind to make a trial,
 It seems right to put the brake on, all in reason.

They will try to crush the Devil—
 Blot the big big D—"the Evil"—
 And to see their neighbours faults a little blindly,
 To avoid annoying others,
 Since most of us are brothers,
 And to be to all indifferently kindly.

But at this we all are trying
 All the year, there's no denying ;
 It were meet that something extra be attempted,
 Just to stamp the soul's correction
 On the body in subjection,
 Since from weaknesses we're few of us exempted.

Shall we take a somewhat thinner
 Drink than port, say, after dinner,
 Or even spare the pipe until the twilight,
 Seek Church and raise Hosannas,
 Putting by those choice Havannahs,
 Which should curl their fragrant smoke up to the skylight?

Drop sunlit bridge, or utter
 Some ban on cream or butter,
 Or the sugar in the tea, which spells enjoyment,
 So the proceeds which were wasted
 From such luxuries untasted
 Might be given to [deserving] Unemployment?

Yet I'd like to send our Vicar
 Half a dozen of good liquor,
 For consumption, on his conscience, on the Fridays,
 And a beefsteak to the Curate,
 Though I know he'd prove obdurate,
 To follow his sardine upon the High Days.

Sure, a bottle of Wincarnis,
 For those who work in harness,
 Must fortify beneficent endeavour,
 While "fare penitenza,"
 When at grips with influenza,
 Might be handicapping usefulness for ever.

TO MR. AND MRS. SPENS.

On their Golden Wedding.

DEAR friends, your fiftieth wedding day
 Demands a loving greeting
 From those who at your house, to play,
 Each Monday have been meeting.

Accept this Cup of style antique,
 From model prehistoric,
 In which old Nestor dipped his beak
 Long ere migration Doric.

That ancient hero oft would join
 Long yarns with free libations,
 Our Modern Sage with dry Lemoine
 Whets wit on choice occasions.

Long be the silver cord unsnapt,
 The golden bowl unbroken,
 The lifelong edifice unsapped,
 Of which this bowl's the token !

April 7, 1909.

TO WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.

Eleven years after.

ELEVEN years, since one of British tongue,
 Across the wave that rolls our shores between,
 Proud if but for a day he might among
 Her folk be reckoned, hailed the Maiden-Queen.

For he had cause to know as good and true
 The women of that stock which gave her birth—
 That stock whence England's liberties anew
 Revived at home, to girdle half the earth.

And now, at Holland's prayers, the stem beneath
 Springs up again upon the ancient root :
 The Orange-promise of the bridal wreath
 Smiles with reality of golden fruit.

Well may it ripen, while succession due
 Brings opening flowers to serve a nation's needs :
 May Holland prosperous times and peace ensue
 And princes press where Juliana leads.

So each perambulative dainty chaise—
 Fond auguries from Holland's daughters fair—
 Shall hold its denizen in coming days :
 Such Infantry's the best that arms can bear !

And I, whose bride sailed from the Hollow Land,
 May thus proclaim a fealty without flaw.
 Edward's my sovereign lord. For him I stand.
 Be, Wilhelmina, thou my Queen-in-Law !

RESTORATION.

RECEIVE again your Mother's Ring,
And may it soothe your heart, sad maid ;
One grief at least shall be allayed !
Now wear it as a sacred thing.

Let it be borne upon your hand,
Alone, a mystic memory,
Until perchance the finger be
Encircled by a plainer band.

It had not perished, as it seemed ;
And truly, what is found, though lost,
Likest ourselves, we value most,
Knowing we too have been redeemed.

June, 1909.

TO A LADY,

Who took a house called "Eden."

O H ! for those beauteous Paradisal bowers,
 Sweet birth-place of a yet untarnished race,
 Where God, at cool of even, face to face
 Would walk with man among the trees and flowers !

Where, winding devious from their central fount,
 Hiddekel, Pison, Gihon, mystic streams,
 Now known no more, or only found in dreams,
 Circled at large round each umbrageous mount.

They seemed to us more real in early youth,
 But not, perhaps, so dear, those mystic vales.
 Now we, grown wise, from the old Scripture tales
 Seek, where we may, to disentangle truth.

Unmoved we note with a superior smile
 The tree-coiled serpent with his human speech :
 Nevertheless, within the breast of each,
 Do we not feel the influence of his guile ?

H

Adam is gone, although his fruit entire
 Appears to stick in each descendant's throat ;
 And true to our own nature, still we note
 The sorry shifts of our most human sire.

The curiosity of poor dear Eve,
 Long since forgiven by us, no longer shocks,
 For Hope lay still within Pandora's box,
 The penance of that tasting to retrieve.

Enough remains to us for Faith to hold.
 For sentiment indeed 'tis vain to pine ;
 Not fables, these, but parables divine,
 Truth in a figure granted to enfold.

Do we not learn from the old Elohist's page
 Of one Almighty Word, the primal cause
 Of all, originating Nature's laws,
 Working through six great æons, age on age ?

Days geologic, rise succeeding rise—
 Light before sun or stars !—admire we must—
 Producing fish, birds, beasts, in progress just,
 Crowning the scale, if crowning yet, in Man.

Then speaks the Jahvist's more poetic rede,
 Human and sympathetic, how the Lord
 Into the Adam His own Spirit poured,
 And set to till the Garden : to his need

Supplied fit helpmeet ; no mere female thrall :
 Taught knowledge of Himself, and gave freewill,
 Dread power to choose the course of good or ill,
 With strength to stand, but likelihood to fall,

Yet, falling, rise ; and from misfortune gain
 Life and salvation through the Promised Seed—
 But no more Eden, save for such, indeed,
 As make their own, in spite of briers and pain.

1909.

ON THE BRINK.

OUR Country needed saving. That alone
 Is plea sufficient, and will justify.
 Awake, O Britain ! seize thy liberty,
 Arise to praise, nor stoop to pick the stone.

When some dazed mortal lies athwart the rail,
 While near and nearer throbs the engine's breath,
 We cheer the guard, who, risking his own death,
 Clutches the helpless, even though he fail.

Not then the time to stand on precedent,
 Defer to usage, think of what might shock.
 First stands the duty. Save the life, nor mock
 Such urgent stress and peril imminent.

'Twas thus the heroic senatorial Lord,
 Exiled by faction from the Roman Pale,
 Strode back unbidden, and in the craven scale
 Which weighed out gold for ransom, threw his sword,

Drove forth the foe, and Rome's high cause upbore.
 Not a mere toy is Britain's House of Peers,
 Meet to be sport for blundering Budgeteers,
 Made and unmade by vote of Thermidor.

Long ere the Commons were, they kept the State,
 Wrung from false John the rights by which we throve ;
 Part of our heritage. The power that wove
 Our web of Empire and maintained it great.

Rich in experience that seldom fails,
 In educated fitness trained to rule,
 Of statesmanship the immemorial school,
 Of noblest worth, of sense which much avails.

Uphold it, friends ! 'Tis worth a paltry vote,
 Nay, lest one read our names, a secret cross.
 If it go down, can ye not gauge the loss,
 Self-ruined causes know no antidote.

January 9, 1910.

FASTI FEBRUARI.

From a private and family point of view.

THE month is come, which brings again
 Convergent anniversaries,
 Weaving a correlated chain
 From old to newer nurseries.

Feb. 2nd, a. d. Nonas iv.

The lights of Candlemas suggest
 The year's Purification.
 By our sweet Lady's Day, called Blest
 By every generation.

Thus with the birthday-lights of youth,
 One more each year exhibits,
 Until a strict regard for truth,
 And grocer's bills, prohibits.

3rd, a. d. Nonas iii.

Great Salisbury, upon the third
 Demands a patriot's homage,
 Though a blind Demos has preferred
 Asquith's and Churchill's rummage.

4th, pridie Nonas.

My cousin, eldest of her race,
 For ninety-six her winters,
 Was born upon the 4th : her pace
 Still strong among the sprinters.

5th. The Nones of seventeen ninety-eight
 Claim honour before other,
 A much-to-be-remembered date,
 The Birthday of my Mother.

8th, a. d. Idus vi.

 An aged friend and Kingsman's birth
 Marks the 8th with *or* and *argent* ;
 A maker of post-prandial mirth,
 Best known as "Common Serjeant."

10th, a. d. Idus iv.

 The tenth bore nephew Kenworthy,
 In Indian Law a Master :
 Whom Eastern Rajahs gladly fee
 To escape a worse disaster.

13th. The Ides to Parliament assign ;
 Much good attend its meeting !

14th. The following day, St. Valentine,
 Gives more harmonious greeting.

13th, Idus.

 Whoever else may go astray,
 The Nobles stand for duty.
 There dawned on Elswick, on this day,
 Saxton, in childhood's beauty.

17th, a. d. Kal. Mart. xiii.

 The fourth beyond the Ides, when night
 Scarce finds the swearing-in done,
 Shows great L. L. to heaven's light,
 Jurisconsult of Swindon.

24th, a. d. Kal. Mart. vi.

Add seven days. Matthias' grace—
Apostle, he, and Martyr—
For our twin grandsons' lifelong race
Officiates as starter.

28th, pridie Kal. Mart.

Next, "Uncle Henry" claims a verse,
Encomiast of past ages ;
He paints in backwaters, or worse,
And counts 'mongst Eton's sages.

27th, a.d. Kal. Mart. iii.

His birthday just postdates my own,
He wailed upon my morrow ;
And, *pari passu*, we've been known
Firm friends in joy and sorrow.

28th, pridie Kal. Mart.

The same day brackets dear old Spens,
My kindest friend and neighbour,
Trouncer of tramps who cause offence,
With or without hard labour.

"Lest we forget" our kin and kith,
This day shall be my pleader ;
It brought relief to Ladysmith,
And brings it to my reader.

Thus in one lunar month are found
Birthdays in various sections,
Combined as in a dumping-ground :
Relations, friends, connections.

And when Bissextile's day is here,
 As in two years is probable,
 Some fresh name may bring up the rear,
 As David or Zorobabel !

PALINODE.

Hereon I slept. But as I dreamed,
 Appeared a gentle lady,
 Daintily stepping, as me seemed,
 From out a forest shady.

She waved a mild reproachful sign,
 And said, " It had befitted,
 One special day—'tis number nine—
 Not to have pretermitted ! "

I said, " Fair Dame, alas ! to me
 No angel had revealed it ;
 Such lore to mortals is not free,
 And one, who knew, concealed it.

And lo ! the devil hath the page,
 Whose proof may scarce be altered ;
 But should he soil my lady's age
 Or day of birth ? " I faltered.

" But me no buts ! the dogg'rel stands " ;
 The lady said, relenting.
 " I pardon you, so my commands
 You carry out, repenting.

“ Annex a verse for those who know,
 And miss the truth about me ;
 For obviously your whole show
 Falls very flat without me !

And those grandtwins ! where had they been
 But for their father's mother ? ”
 She poised me a contemptuous chin,
 Yet semed a smile to smother,

Then passed aboard a shining skiff,
 Concealed beyond the bowers,
 Which bore her to a lofty cliff
 'Neath lightning-lambent towers.

A WALK IN WHITEHALL.

TO Scotland Yard I bent my course,
 About a nice young fellow
 I hoped to help into the " Force "—
 Not (then) a lost umbrella !

But Scotland Yard had changed its site,
 Those famed Police Headquarters,
 Shifting its ground up to the right,
 Towards legislative waters.

Of one who passed I asked the way ;
 A man came near and listened :
 It was a wild, inclement day ;
 His eyes, I noticed, glistened.

" I'm going too, to Scotland Yard—
 It's broke its blooming tether,
 And gone the deuce knows where It's hard."
 Said I, " We'll walk together."

The snow was falling thick and fat ;
 His dress, for June more proper,
 Was thin. He wore a bowler hat,
 I my triennial topper.

His coat was several sizes small,
 His trousers not a new fit,
 His hair cut rather short withal—
 I did not think by Truefitt.

Said I, “ My friend, you’ve no great-coat ;
 This storm will be a pelter ;
 You’d better take the antidote,
 Under my Briggs there’s shelter.”

He linked his arm within my own ;
 The act I thought familiar ;
 But to make stiff¹ my cubit-bone
 Seemed rather too punctiliar.

“ I’m d——d,” he cried ; “ what dismal cheer !
 Excuse me, Sir, for swearing ;
 But *this* ; of all days in the year !
 It really is past bearing.”

I said, “ Why, what’s on hand to-day ? ”
 He eyed me as scarce rational.
 “ Where was you bred ? Not here, I’ll lay !
 To-day is the Grand National ! ”

I’m not a sporting man ; but guessed
 It was some race, with reason.
 And asked him, to show interest,
 Where it was run this season.

¹ Or “limp.” “ Prensare manu *lentissima* braccia.”

“ Why, Liverpool, of course ! ” he cried,
 Where should it be, in thunder ? ”
 “ I come from Devon.” Thus I tried
 To cloke my grievous blunder.

I'd not scored much off him, this way,
 Though I'd played careful cricket ;
 It seemed to be a “ Bowlers' Day,”
 I'd scarcely held my wicket.

But when to Devon I referred,
 It seemed to touch his heart more.
 “ *I'm* fresh from Devon,” he cried. “ My word !
 Just done seven years in Dartmoor ! ”

I asked him of two convicts' chase¹ ;
 The question seemed absurder.
 “ *I* was engaged on a big case
 Of burglary, with murder.

But here we are at Scotland Yard.
 I've got to show my papers ;
 And get them signed, each month. 'Tis hard !
 Here I must cut my capers.

So thank you for your aid again.
 A pleasant walk ! By golly !
 I hope we'll meet next time in rain,
 And that you'll have your brolly ! ”

March, 1910.

¹ See p. 85 above.

RENDERING OF CATULLUS, ODE XXXI.

O SIRMIO, apple of my eye, thou gem of all those isles
 And would-be-isles, which, in translucent lake or ocean's tide,
 Great Neptune from his twofold realm lays bare to heaven's smiles,
 Dimpling the elemental blue with lands diversified.

Oh! with what joy, with what delight I greet thee! In good sooth
 Scarce can I yet persuade myself that I have really left
 Those Thynian and Bithynian steppes, survived in very truth
 To see thee, safe and sound again, too long of thee bereft.

For oh! it is a lovely thing to cast all care behind,
 When the glad soul can toss away each weight, and overtired
 And sick of journeyings to and fro, rest in our home we find,
 And stretch our travel-wearied bones 'tween sheets so long desired!

This is the moment that makes all our hardships a mere jest!
 Then hail to thee, sweet Sirmio. Joy is thy lord's behest.
 And you too, beauteous azure depths, which Lydian waves afford,
 And all that ripples round the place start laughing in accord.

Descenzano, May, 1916.

TO MR. YOUNG,

Secretary to the Devon Education Committee, at Exeter.

I MEANT to come, dear Mr. Young,
 Most fully, to the Meeting,
 But round my neck there have been hung
 Millstones that take some beating.

First, blinding, horrible catarrh
 Bordering on influenza :
 You know the affliction such things are
 To women and to men, Sir !

Yet still, I thought I ought to start
 By the early train, 8.50 ;
 But when they called me—oh ! my heart
 At the awful rain grew shifty.

Although I knew that Torquay's School
 Was down upon the Agenda,
 I thought, " Enough's been done, since Yule,
 Success assured to render."

Therefore I took 10.47
 (By leave of the Inspector),
 Thus thinking to enact in Devon
 Patroclus tackling Hector.

Above all, anxious to attend
 The special sub-committee,
 Called for 2.30. For this end,
 Chiefly, I sought the City.

But whether 'twas this horrid cold
 Which made me overall-ish,
 I cannot tell. Truth must be told,
 I fell asleep near Dawlish.

And the last thing I recollect
 Was dashing past the harbour,
 And after that I nothing recked,
 Like Christian in the Arbour.

But when I woke, the train had passed
 Old Exeter's twin towers,
 And lo! without more stoppage, fast
 To Paddington it scours.

Arrived at Paddington, I took
 The first train back, 2.30,
 And wrote these lines upon a book,
 In hope you won't be shirty.

I see Torquay's to get its site,
 Spite of objectors' curses :
 And hope that things have shaped all right
 About the Redcross Nurses.

February 25, 1910.

“BANG WENT SAXPENCE.”

DICK WOOLLCOMBE'S face is good to see,
 When, by the 12 from Paddington,
 He nears the red rocks of Torquay,
 A truant from the madding town.

A cheery, well-built Devon man ;
 Stands six feet in his toes, about ;
 Profess on fishing all you can,
 You won't beat what he knows about.

The Long Vacation come, each year
 He reappears at Paignton ;
 His yachting cap above his ear,
 Blue sweater—such a quaint one !

Next morn he's up before the gulls ;
 Consults with Harry Patterson,
 Breakfasts on kipper : next he pulls
 His oilskin all in tatters on.

For “mackerel now are in the Bay !”
 Well knows he what the news meant,
 Alert to squeeze out of each day
 Twenty-four hours' amusement.

From Brixham he has hired the "Ned,"
 With Peter, and Tom Hudder ;
 Dick for the Ore-Stone lays her dead,
 'I hen gives his son the rudder.

The wind blows fresh from the Nor' West,
 And soon they pass the Thatcher ;
 The "Ned," close hauled, now does her best—
 No easy task to match her.

Gone are the cobwebs of the Court,
 Defendants, costs, legalities ;
 Nought now he'll prosecute, but sport,
 Heedless of technicalities.

He takes his line. The action lies.
 The suitors bite like giants.
 He leads. His junior then replies.
 He hooks them all like clients.

The tempting bait it never missed
 To lure each hungry visitor :
 What mortal fish could e'er resist
 So wily a Solicitor ?

As each is held in grip of Law,
 He has it tight in Chancery,
 Cast in its suit—there's ne'er a flaw—
 On deck 'tis made to dance awry.

Now while this game was at its height,
 Peter sings out, " Hold on, Sir!
 A wreck to starboard!" (that means "right");
 " Hard down! She's almost gone, Sir."

Dick takes his glasses and looks out :
 " As I'm a living sinner,
 She's full of water!—so about!
 My word! Three persons in her!"

Now when they came beside the craft,
 They found her scarcely floating ;
 The man ten dozen crabs had gaffed,
 Not being used to boating.

The child was pale and terrified,
 The lady, too, sat crying ;
 He'd made no head against the tide,
 And now had given up trying.

Beating up wind, she thought each tack
 Meant an intent to leave her.
 "'Tis murder," cried she. " Back! come back!
 You cowardly deceiver!"

Wet through, they crept aboard the " Ned."
 Said Dick, " You made a blunder!
 Without a man, in this ebb-tide?
 'Twould soon have had you under.

And you'd have had a pretty dance
 If we had not espied you,
 There's nothing between this and France!
 Now just put this inside you."

Thus, keen their failing strength to prop,
 He broached his whiskey-bottle;
 The fellow would not touch a drop,
 They were abstainers total.

So, landing them at Babbacombe,
 He brewed them nice hot coffee,
 And, mindful of his kids at home,
 Regaled the child with toffee.

The fellow, as they touched the land,
 Held sixpence to the skipper;
 "I'd give one," said he, "to your hand,
 But I'm a needy tripper."

Yet never with one word of thanks,
 Which I regret to mention,
 Did he requite our legal friend
 For timely intervention.

Then quoth Tom Hudder, "'Pon my word,"
 As home they turned, in dudgeon,
 "I rather think I never heard
 Of such a mean curmudgeon!"

All three had met a watery berth,
 If us ha'n't gone and found 'em :
 And when us tells what this job's worth,
 What will they say at Roundham ?

Better have left'n to her fate,
 Such life not worth a pin is ;
 If us had come up just too late,
 A dead un's worth two guineas !"

High on the cabin of the " Ned,"
 Nailed up, you'll find a sixpence,
 Well bitten, lest it should be lead,
 Or else one of old Nick's pence.

February, 1911.

ASCHAMICA.

These are translations of various Latin Verses written by members of the "Ascham Society" at Eton, chiefly as invitations, or answers to invitations, to the Annual Dinner given by some member of the Club at the beginning of the Christmas Holidays.

These verses were done into English for Mrs. John Carter, then of Eton, whose husband, my life-long friend, had kept copies of the originals.

No. I. was a copy of Latin Elegiacs sent by T. J. P. Carter, Esq. in answer to Walter Durnford's invitation to a dinner of the Society.

As he was not a Classical Master, these were criticised by H. Broadbent, who added notes appended to the copy in the possession of T. Carter, humorously written in the style of the German Grammarians of the 18th century. The notes are untranslatable; so is the text; but the original may amuse the curious Etonian.

I.

Translation.

WITH untried pen an answer I'll essay,
 In playful vein. Such dinners need a lay.
 Learn'd and unlearn'd alike, we all write verse;
 The Muse of Mathematics sounds no worse.
 Who would decline such feasts? What host more bright,
 Whose plate more lustrous, and whose hearth more light,
 Than his, whose gardens gleam with crystal panes,
 Where the forced strawberry to the vine complains?
 Whose bronzes, statues, pictures, ravish sight—
 Collector, he, of matchless blue and white!
 Christie and Manson know this connoisseur,
 Whom Cartland's arts and prices fail to lure.

Recall not now the vintage of O. B.,
 Whose Asti still infects my revelry :
 Nor yet, more baleful, when in Hall we mock
 The College claret and the Bursar's hock.
 Hardy the gizzard of each groaning guest—
 Feasts of the infernal Gods, where bad's the best.
 Ah! cruel day! Ah! Henry's slighted board!
 Oh! the repasts these modern times afford!
 Yet henceforth fear the glib excuse to invoke,
 Dissembling luxury with wisdom's cloke!
 One thing gives pause. I fear your butler's collar
 May shame your dinner with unlaundered squalor.
 Be wise at last! You give us costliest wine,
 We'd give you water; those should wash who dine!

(W. D. would never go to Founder's Day Dinner; nor would he employ the Eton Laundry Co., of which the writer was the chief promoter.)

II.

Invitation from T. J. P. Carter.

The year grows old apace: and all too long,
 Head Master's edicts and our Governors
 Restrain the coruscations of our band.
 At length comes Peace. No longer Cockshott's ire
 Disturbs. One voice demands the wassail-bowl.
 There be, who best love water, to the Muse
 Unkindly, and to Ascham.—Water? sure
 Enough hath flooded us. Some choicer draught
 Invites our revels. Ho! a doggish stave!
 Next Friday bids our urchins all depart.

Next Friday brings repose. A Fatted Calf,
 Washed down with magnums, shall proclaim sweet Peace
 "Urbi et orbi" from the Timber-halls.

III.

Refusal. Hon. Edward Lyttelton to T. J. P. Carter.

The Head, who draws the Assistants in his train,
 Seeks to possess my house, nor seeks in vain.
 Sadly I flit, with faithful Donaldson,
 To vacant halls, whence Thackeray has flown.
 Before that portal cobwebs curtained sway :
 The roof admits the rain, the walls the day.
 Derisive rats behind the wainscot prance,
 Hold festival, and wake the boisterous dance.
 What shall I do, so simple and so chaste ?
 A crust of bread, with water, is my taste.
 You, a House-Tutor, to your Timber Halls
 Bid one unmeet for such high festivals.
 Go ! swill your magnums, now your brats are gone,
 Ply the oft-told quip, repeat the seasoned pun.
 I'm not at home to Everard's last craze,
 Broadbent's new story. I must all these days
 Spend among London shops, and cheapen chairs,
 Sofas, and bed-curtains—and Jäger's wares !

E. L. was lodging with S. A. D. in rooms in the Cloisters, which were wanted for the new Head Master's house. He therefore had to take, with his friend, the small house by Barnes Pool, which he called Baldwin's Shore. It is interesting to note that he never took a Tutor's House, but later on lived in the same Head Master's house, whose preparation caused his ejection !

IV.

Refusal by H. Salt, a Vegetarian.

The fatted calf you promise me, my friend,
Stinks in my nostrils, though naught else offend.
What? Ascham's brethren batten like wild beasts?
True Learning loathes such sanguinary feasts!
'Tis thus divine Intelligence grows weak:
Through such gross food the Mind is still to seek
What shall I say? 'Tis just, as you'll agree;
If you won't spare the *calf*, at least spare *me*!

V.

F. H. Rawlins to T. J. P. Carter.

You bid me to your bounteous board. For yearly
You spread the feast. Refusing's horrid, clearly.
Lo! Classics will hobnob with Mathematics;
These love their Virgil, these adore Quadratics.
But I've a Pupil comes of age next Friday.
I *must* be there on such a very high day.
Fridays of old were sacred held to Venus,
It seems so now—but this is quite between us.
The telegraph boy waits. The answer's paid for.
I *must* accept! What was your note delayed for?
Dine, ye brave brethren! Be your meeting pleasant.
Though I'm away, you'll know my heart is present.

VI.

E. C. A. Leigh, Lower Master, to T. J. P. Carter.

I've an engagement due on Dover's sea ;
I'll feed the fish there, while the fish feed thee.

VII.

A. C. James to T. J. P. Carter.

"What ? *you* a Mathemat ? whose classic lines
Teem with rich jests, not born of minus signs ?"
Such was my thought, as silently I read :
But straight old Euclid's phantom punched my head.
"Sutor and Tutor, he, and King to boot,
E'en in your Classic Tripos gained repute."
Henceforward Algebra's converted ! News !
Who'd lisp in numbers, if not Dalton's Muse ?

(Cf. Hor. *Sat.* i. 3. 125. J. Carter got a third class in the Classical Tripos. The last line alludes to Dalton's Algebra ; Mr. Dalton was the chief mathematical master.)

VIII.

A late reply. Hence the original is in "Choliambics," by H. Broadbent.

Not for the savour of those toothsome fishes,
Nor for choice wines, excelling all our wishes,
Nor for that board which groans with silver dishes—

If he but gave us simple bread and water,
 To such a host the band of Ascham oughter
 Assemble gladly. For no deft reporter
 Can do such talents justice. He's, in short, a
 Man up to all things, you can't tell a quarter!
 Fears not to grapple with the Fourth Dimension;
 To Astronomic lore note his attention,
 To Navigation's last complete invention.
 Remark his verse when he invites the Ascham!
 To find his peer in public speech 'twill task 'em.
 His curling nostril shows how he'll unmask 'em.
 Sometimes at Whist he'll shine: anon he reads
 A lecture to the Bishop, and, at needs,
 In painting, music, architecture, leads.
 But hark! The dinner bell! I must run over
 To do my duty to the utmost cover!

IX.

From C. H. Everard, who was to have spent Christmas with his mother-in-law. His wife saved him—one of the kindest and best of her sex—from a painful dilemma.

I'm puzzled. New ties with the old contend:
 This way the husband's drawn, and that, the friend;
 My mother-in-law to distant Falmouth calls,
 My comrades bid me tarry near your halls.
 Maude to the rescue comes. "Yes, Charlie, wait;
This call's exceptional: the food first-rate.

You're very thin : as poor as a church mouse.
 You'll come back sleeker after this carouse."
 So, with a kiss, my notepaper I seize ;
 I'll disobey the *Law*, and risk a breeze.

X.

From the Rev. E. Warre, D.D., Head Master, declining.

Bellum, Johanni Carter suo, S.P.D.

I cannot promise to approach your door
 For Ascham's feast. I'm tired and need a rest.
 You ask for Peace—and yet you call for Warre !
 Warre won't be here. At Baron's Down your guest
 Hopes to awake the echoes with his gun.
 Warre will be gone. In peace let Ascham's mice
 (The cat not there) freely enjoy their nice
 Repast, confederate. May they come in shoals,
 Tutors, and House-tutors, and let their souls
 Possess themselves in happiness. Agree !
 Don't squabble ! Thus shall Eton flourish free !

XI.

H. G. Madan to T. J. P. C.

I seize my pen to promise I'll be festive ;
 But lo ! the paper blots and turns quite restive.
 I search the Calendar to learn the reason,
 And there I find that I'm engaged this season.
 Excuse me for the excuse that I must send.
 I'm due at home. A Father's more than Friend !

The following extracts refer to another Dinner, given by the Translator, 1885. The original is in T. Carter's Book, with notes.

XII.

A. C. J.

I'm always reading other men's effusions.
I mean to have my turn. With vague delusions
Cornish has "trembled on Creation's verge,"
And ends by scouting all he seemed to urge.
Then came the sapience of Marindin's paper,
And then, "Noblesse oblige." I'll cut my caper,
And strike out a new line. I'll give a dinner,
One to accommodate both saint and sinner.

So when this Half's concluded all our duties,
And harassed "Blockhead" in his Blockhouse mute is,
When Drake has edited the List of Marks,
Cooked with red ink for "Pluck," to guide the clerks,
Then we'll be jolly. Christmas comes but once!
Hang those new Grammars! Let us each play dunce,
While fun is possible! See, Wintle, lads,
Now builds a storey, now a Gradus adds.
A new Boys' Library the need occasions,
Fit to accommodate all publications.
One friend we all kotow to: one who's near
The Bursar's secrets, and the Provost's ear.
He'll not condemn my dinner, though he bans
Jackson's ideals, and hates Blomfield's plans.

Well, if you shirk, or if you go to bed,
 As happened once, when I a paper read,
 I'll bid you join the Auxiliaries' bawlings,¹
 Come late for practice, and get trounced by Rawlins!

XIII.

T. J. P. C. to A. C. J. accepting.

Hail, worthy son of Ascham, and ye oak
 Manorial portals, hail! where Eton's lord
 Was wont, erewhile, at Court-leets to convoke
 His worthy thanes for justice. To your board,
 Though Daman's horrid pile upon your right
 Threatens destruction, I will dare to come
 Braving all perils—though my sire indict,
 E'en from the pulpit, a luxurious home
 And altered manners. Once again, old pal,
 Whether you charm with song the uncultured ear,
 Or fresco nymphs upon your plastered wall,
 Or meditate the lyric Muse, good cheer!

* * * *

(The rest defies translation.)

XIV.

From an uncertain author, and of questionable date (see Notes).

When fifteen days remain to the Old Year,
 And roads and Houses are all free of boys,
 The season marks our annual good cheer,
 And Walter Durnford bids us to new joys.

¹ The Auxiliary Choir of Masters and Boys was instituted to sing in Chapel on Sundays. Mr. Rawlins was its "Whip."

What though he has deserted our brave band ?
 The Association claims him as of old,
 And once for all an Aschamite he'll stand,
 Although his Bishopric another hold.
 And yet expect not turbots such as once
 Bald Nero feasted ! That were like a dunce.
 'Tis wrong to feast in Advent—bar the Founder,
 Who grants exception to the richer bounder.
 Yet moderate feasts, all free from spite or gall,
 I promise with your wine, my masters all ;
 And though the floods are covering the Brocas,
 Inside, the rays of friendship will not mock us.

The succeeding pieces are answers to an invitation by H. E. Luxmoore,
 on his resigning the Secretaryship of the Ascham Society, to be succeeded
 by A. C. Benson.

XV.

From T. J. P. C. to H. E. L.

Why torture me with Latin jest ?
 This from a friend ? Old Learning's quest
 Eludes me, and the censor's frown
 And threatening gesture flout me down.

Him o'er whose back the rod of Squeers
 Is balancing pedantic sneers,
 Not Hale's brave banquet hall can win,
 Not Clos Vougeôt's encrusted bin

Can tempt to gout. Yet happy he
 Who scorns old Euclid's BCD,
 His drowsy Algebra who burns,
 And Science sensibly unlearns.

Thus mused I. But your much-loved name
 Upon me like a tonic came.—
 Go we, where reeks the turtle soup,
 With Perrier Jouet's plenteous stoup.
 They care not for your critics' din,
 Whom Jeroboams make to sin !

XVI.

From H. G. Madan.

Pleasing your song, " Sparrow " and " Greater Light,"
 Yet vain the invitation you indite.
 Would that I could ! But duty's higher cause,
 When boys are gone, impose upon me laws.
 Last holidays in Yankeeland I spent ;
 Now towards parental home my steps are bent.

XVII.

From S. A. Donaldson.

I sat to answer : but the pens were spoiled,
 The paper blotted, and my task was foiled.—
 Henry of Exeter, " old Broadbent " hight,
 Bad luck be yours ! you told me the wrong night.
 " The Dinner's on the *sixth*," you plainly said,
 " Because some cranks on Friday won't be fed."

So I said "No : I can't leave in the lurch
 The Provost at the Eton Mission's Church."
 But you in Chambers cleared that error up
 Of Broadbent's, so I'll gladly come and sup.
 Would that all tales in Chambers were so apt !
 I won't be absent.—Glad old Broadbent's trapped !

XVIII.

From Rev. E. D. Stone.

No, not in vain thou spreadst the genial feast,
 Nor think I meet, beside the Eastern waves
 To sit unsatisfied. 'Tis Ascham's band
 Invites me, and my friend. So in thy tent
 Strew me a couch, e'en as thou sayst, right soft,
 The care of busy maids. For as thy guest
 I will partake the banquet, and good hap
 Guide me to bed ! Yet with fair morning's dawn
 Stone must to Stonehouse, shepherding his lambs.

XIX.

From H. W. Mozley. A recantation.

"Friday is Fast-Day," so I used to write,
 With sinking midriff, when asked out at night.
 Friday *is* Fast-Day. But I'd grumble sore,
 And mar the sacrifice I'd hoped to score !
 Now I'm again invited. *You're* the host.
 My friends I'd grieve to miss, but you the most.
 Bother the Fast ! *You* tempt me, and I'll fall.
 The fault's so pleasant, and the sin's so small !

XX.

This piece is a most ingenious parody of Horace's Ode, "Quantum distet ab Inacho," by H. Broadbent, which I must transcribe, because without it the translation would have no chance of being understood. There are allusions to Edward Lyttelton's successes in athletics and his hopes of getting a House, to H. E. Luxmoore's "Sparrow on the Housetops," to the dislike of the Provost to the "Carmen Etonense," to the "Disappearing Lady," as the boys called the Matron in College, whose rooms were built in the old "Boys' Library," etc.

Quantum distet ab aedibus¹

Edwardus, rapidae non timidus pilae,
Narras, et genus Anserum,²

Et pugnata sacra bella super domo :
Quo muscam pretio levem

Mercemur, quis aquam fundat in ebrios,
Quo praebente pedem et quotâ

Clamosis careant Aschamici, taces.

Da scribae properè novi,

Da rerum veterum, da, puer, hospitis

Festivi : duo vel tria

Miscebo cyathis vina capacibus.

¹ It is interesting, since E. Lyttelton's accession to the Head Mastership, to recall the time when his chances even of a small house were so remote as to be a stock banality of conversation.

² The Goslings were a band of brothers who played many years in succession at Lord's.

XX.

Translation in the same Horatian metre.

How far off from a Boarding-house
 Stands E. L., such a dead shot at the pepper-box,
 This you tell us, and how many
 Goslings played for the School feared by the Harrow boys :
 Not, how much a fly costs from Wise,
 Who'll administer cold pig to the fuddlesome,
 What beak acts chucker-out, what time
 Ascham's party may get rid of the noisy ones.
 Hail ! our new Secretariat !
 Here's our Chief, and a change unconstitutional !
 I'll drain two or three stoups of port,
 " Old Shoe," not from the wood, just for the lark of it.

Qui matri decus addidit
 Gallorum latices grammaticus bibit
 Vates¹ : at prohibet merum
 Princeps² nobilium tangere remigum.
 Puris ude liquoribus,
 Insanire juvat. Cur Nicotinicae
 Cessant flamina tibiae?
 Cur Passer,³ comitum deliciae, silet?
 Parcentes ego vocibus
 Odi. Junge choros. Audiat impotens
Carmen Praepositus⁴ ferum,
 Et vicina,⁵ libri cui dederunt locum.
 Parcâ te nitidum comâ
 Arture, horrisono te similem Aeschylo,⁶
 Hospes versiculis petit.
 Me servat tenuis crinis honor mei.⁷

¹ A. C. Ainger, author of a *Gradus* and several Hymns.

² S. A. Donaldson was coaching the Eight, a water drinker.

³ H. E. Luxmoore is supposed to mope at giving up the Secretaryship.

⁴ The "*Carmen Etonense*" was not liked at the Provost's Lodge.

⁵ The then matron in College was called the "Disappearing Lady" by the boys, from her manœuvres in Chapel on taking her place.

⁶ Aeschylus met his death from an eagle dropping a tortoise on his bald head, taking it for a stone.

⁷ The "thatch," of which the author was so proud, became a good deal thinner, afterwards.

Eton's bard and grammarian
 Drinks Bordeaux of a class grown for an Emperor.
 Our teetotaller oarsman's coach
 Cries all alcohol down, save in a hospital.
 We're more modestly abstinent.
 Now we'll go for a spree. Murmuring ebullient,
 Hale's asthmatic old pipe's atune!—
 Luxmoore! why do you mope? *passer* of all your friends?
 How I hate the unsociable!
 Let's just once have a rag! Let the unearthly row
 Start those ghosts in the Provost's Lodge,
 And that dame with a blue nose in the Library!
 Thee, with locks few and far between,
 Arthur James, with thy scalped occiput oviform,
 Friends good-humouredly satirize.
 Me my handsomer thatch shields unimpeachable.

AJAX SEPTUAGENARIUS.

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